

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE,

## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Journal of Voyages and Travels, by the late Thomas Rees, Sergeant of Marines.* Published for the benefit of the Author's Orphan Daughter. 12mo. pp. 176. London 1822. Harvey & Darton.

This little volume has a double claim to public favour: it is singular as being the production of so humble an author as Sergeant Rees of the Marines, and it is a pathetic appeal to the compassionate feelings as a means of making some provision for his orphan child. We earnestly recommend it.

Nor will the kind-hearted who become its purchasers have reason to begrudge their benevolence, even were they actuated by no higher principle than the curiosity of seeing how such a person describes the most remarkable scenes and customs of Persia: it will be found that this Journal is both genuine and entertaining. There is a freshness and originality in the writer's manner, so different from the usual style of authors, as to be quite delectable; and the tone of his remarks, influenced by his station as well as the order of people with whom he had intercourse, exhibit images which have all the charms of novelty. These qualities when known (and it is a pleasure to us to make them known) are enough to promote its success; and if more were needed it would be found in the conclusion to the Preface by the Editor, a lady, we are informed, who has done herself more honour by this work of charity than if she had produced a brilliant work of her own.

To the protection of a liberal and indulgent public (says she) this humble work is now committed. May the obscure author, and the unknown editor, be alike sheltered from criticism and contempt! And may the voice of compassion plead successfully with the opulent and the humane to encourage its circulation, as the certain means of assisting in the future support and instruction of the orphan child of him, who served his country, honoured his king, and revered and obeyed his God.

To this forcible appeal (backed by testimonies of the highest approbation from the officers under whom he served), is added a brief memoir of the Author, illustrating "the short and simple annals of the poor."

Thomas Rees, born 7 October 1790, was the son of Richard and Charlotte Rees; the father was parish-clerk of St. Peter's, Carmarthen, for nearly 20 years, and died in 1808. At the age of 15, Thomas was bound apprentice to a tailor, and was always remarkably steady and industrious, though strongly impressed with an earnest desire to travel and see the world. This induced him at the period the volunteers of his native

town were formed, to accompany the corps to Haverfordwest; where the military show and parade greatly excited his youthful imagination.

"The obscure shop-board of the tailor was no longer to be endured; and Rees next entered into the county militia, and went to Bristol. He continued in it but a short period of time; for, having fully made up his mind to devote his future life to the service of his country, he enlisted into the Plymouth division of marines, receiving a bounty of thirty pounds: ten of these he immediately presented to his father, reserving the twenty for his own present and future necessities.

"He embarked on board the Temeraire, in 1809, being then not quite twenty years of age; when few people, particularly in his station of life, would think of reciting their opinions and adventures in the form of a journal. Such, however, was done by this lowly private of marines, and, under every privation and disadvantage, was persevered in to the last."

On quitting the Temeraire he was raised to the rank of Corporal, and in three months after to that of Sergeant, and attached to the Woolwich division. He now married Mary Holmes, a young woman of Chelmsford in Essex, and for the ensuing three years was employed principally in recruiting. He was then sent to India, and during his absence was employed on an expedition up the Persian Gulph, at the close of which he accompanied Capt. Maude on the excursion of which he has left so interesting an account.

On his return home he lost his health, and after lingering two years, died on the 13th of April 1820, and, melancholy to relate, in circumstances of poverty and deep distress.

A favourite employment to him (says his biographer) was that of arranging and copying out his journal from the scraps of paper on which it had been written; certainly with no intention of its ever meeting the public eye: yet we can suppose how soothing it would have been to the mind of this poor but worthy man, could he have known that it would be beneficial to that beloved child, whose birth had been announced to him on the shores of India. He had had three other children, two of whom had died in their earliest infancy, and the other a few weeks preceding his own decease.

There is something melancholy in the idea of a brave man, who has served his country, suffering from poverty in the hour of sickness and of death; yet poor Rees was obliged to have parochial relief, after disposing of his shells, and many other little things, he had collected in his various travels.

Of these Travels the last memorial is now before us, and we shall endeavour to tempt humanity by showing of what materials it is composed. The first chapter relates to the writer's cruise in the Baltic, in

which we find nothing remarkable till the following incident, which happened on the return of the Temeraire to Cawsand Bay in a dreadful tempest.

The sea kept rolling in so fast, that we expected every moment either to go to the bottom, or to be driven on shore. All hands were at the pump; every exertion was made to save our ship and our lives. In the midst of all this distress, we beheld a small boat driven towards us, with the sails torn into tatters, and flying at the mast-head. As it came nearer, we could distinguish the cries of a boy singing out for help. Notwithstanding our own sad condition, we felt much for this poor creature, and still more because we could give him no aid, for the sea ran mountains high; so that, to us, it seemed as if no boat could live on it. The cries continued, which our humane captain, (and there never was a more feeling man,) could scarcely bear to hear, when he said, if any of our crew chose to volunteer, to try to save him, they might. We were none of us backward to do so; and at length the boat being lowered with eight sailors, off she went. It was some time before they could reach the little boat, the waves tossing it over and over, and the boy clinging to it. At last he was removed into our boat from his own, which it was not possible for them to take in tow; and before they had parted five yards from it, they saw it go to the bottom. The sea was so strong against them, and the waves rose to such a height, that the boat could not again come near the ship. We on board were then obliged to let go the life-buoy astern; and they getting hold of that, we at last saw them safe on board. When the captain inquired of the boy how he came into the boat, and by what means she had got adrift, he replied, that his father and himself had been coming from North-corner in Dock, and had reached Cawsand Bay, when his father left him alone in the boat, whilst he went on shore to get something to drink: that, being cold and tired, he laid himself down, and drawing the sail over him, fell asleep. The surf running high on the beach, took the boat off, and he never awoke till he was tossing up and down a hundred yards from the beach. Then he put up his sail, and tried to get back again; but the gale blowing hard against him, it was soon shivered to pieces, and his oars had gone overboard. The waves had carried him past three other ships, which did not seem to have it in their power to render him any assistance. Poor fellow! he was very grateful for what had been done for him, and thanked the ship's crew over and over again for having saved his life. But he could do nothing but think of his poor mother; and grieve at what she was suffering; and he sadly lamented she could not know of his safety. The captain ordered him dry clothes, and every care to be taken of him.

During all this time we were working hard at the pumps; and it was not before

five the next morning, that the storm abated and we were again in safety. This was Christmas day; and that morning, which was one of rejoicing to the whole Christian world, was doubly so to us; for, by the mercy of a gracious Providence, our own lives had been wonderfully preserved, and we had been permitted, under Him, to save that of a fellow-creature also.

In the mean time, the distressed mother of the boy had gone on board (regardless of the storm) the three ships mentioned by him. They had all seen him pass; but, unable themselves to give him any help, they did not suppose he could have it from others, and told her, that both he and his boat must have gone to the bottom. The poor broken-hearted mother had ventured her own life to learn something of her child, and returned again to her now miserable home. The Temeraire lay so far out at sea, so much beyond the other ships, that there seemed no hope of his having reached it: yet her boat was once more put out to sea; and when she got to us, she beheld her son in safety, standing on deck by the captain. She did not speak one word, but fell, as we thought, dead at his feet; and when she did recover from her fit, who can ever forget her tears, and her thanksgivings to the preservers of her child? After she had had some refreshment, she departed from the ship, and her son with her. We had then no money; but we promised that, when we were paid off, we would give the boy a present. We did not forget it; but collecting the sum of eight pounds five shillings and sixpence, we bought him a new boat, and christened it the Temeraire Johnson.

Other voyages in the Mediterranean and elsewhere do not furnish aught to arrest our advance to the principal adventures of our Author, of which the scene opens at Bassora on the river Euphrates, whither (as has been stated) he accompanied Captain the Hon. J. Ashley Maude.

In the afternoon of the 27th of January 1816 (he tells us) I was ordered by the captain to prepare for an expedition; to provide a month's spirits and provisions, with plenty of spare flints and ammunition, and two pair of pistols; together with my own musket, bayonet, and sword.

They sailed up the river in a Turkish boat, manned by Turks and Arabs; together with a black servant hired for the service and acting as interpreter. At the mouth of the Tigris they were almost compelled to land and partake of refreshments.

The governor of the place entered with his attendants, all of them very richly dressed in silks. They all sat down on the ground together; and the coffee was brought in and handed round in small cups, very like the shape of egg-cups, without either sugar or milk, which is the way they always drink it in this country. I never could consider this as a meal; and I thought to myself, as they were handing it about, how much better it is in our own country, if one meets with an old friend, to go to an inn and get a jug of ale or a glass of grog. I was very unwilling, indeed, to drink my coffee at the same time with the captain and the colonel; but the latter desired I would do so, or, he said, they would take it as an offence; for here they made no distinction between master and servant. . . .

We now (continues our authority with characteristic simplicity) proceeded to the Tigris, and going on shore the next morning, as usual, we saw a large body of people at a distance, but coming towards us. So we hastened back to the boat, and disguised ourselves in the Turkish dress; for those wild Arabs have a great aversion to the sight of a hat. But they very well knew that we were Europeans. Now in this river there is no tide; but the water is always running downwards, and that and the wind were both against us the remainder of our passage. We were obliged always to have six men on shore, four hours at a time, both night and day. They were so frightened at the Arabs, who tried to stop the boat, that they jumped into the water, and came into her for safety. These savages would gladly put a European to death, so much do they hate those of the Christian religion. They said, that if we would give them (as was their custom to have) some pepper and a bag of dates, they would let us pass unmolested. The captain declared they should have nothing. Then they swore that they would take our flesh as meat for their dogs, and our blood to wash their hands with. This terrified the interpreter, and the boat's crew still more, when he repeated it to them; so that they gave privately, out of their own share of provisions, a bag of dates. We hauled out again into the middle of the river, when they called out for powder and flints; but the captain was still determined that they should not get the better of him. Then they began to pelt large stones at us, and pointed their spears, as if resolved on our deaths. To escape from them, we went over to the other side of the river, and found ourselves worse off than ever; for we were now nearly close to a town, inhabited by a people quite as bad as themselves. They knew this, and began to sing out all at once; when, the people in the town hearing them, came running in crowds, giving those on shore scarcely time to reach the boat, which we hauled again into the middle of the river, but could not pull up, the current running down so strong. The river was at this part too wide for the stones to reach us; but still they kept throwing them, and spitting and showing their hatred in every way they could do, but made no attempt to fire. Had they done so, the captain declared it should have been returned to them, as we had more ammunition than they could possibly have. I do not think they had any at all, or they would have fired long before. In this uncomfortable situation we continued till the sun was nearly setting; when they all ran away, that they might go to prayers before it was down, being in such a pretty state of mind for devotion.

This was a truly savage country, and a sad way for a true Welchman to spend St. David's day in, this being the first of March, 1815. In all parts of the world, and under all dangers and troubles, I never forget this, the day of the saint of my own country; even if I had only a glass of grog extraordinary, being something to mark it from other days. I was thinking of this; in no very pleasant humour, when one of the fellows again came running down to the boat, which was close on shore, and began abusing and spitting at me in particular. So, fixing my bayonet on my musket, I jumped on shore, and made a charge towards him. But the Turks, fearing that I should kill him, which

would draw down the vengeance of the rest upon us, began to sing out at such a rate, that the captain, who was in the cabin, ran out to see what was the matter, and, calling me back, was going to give me a sharp reprimand for leaving the boat without his leave. His anger, however, was soon removed; for I told him that no true Welchman could ever refuse a challenge made him on St. David's day; and to this the captain seemed readily to agree.

Now night came on, and the wild beasts in the woods, on each side of the river, began to bellow and to roar so incessantly, that we could get no sleep. We found it very dismal indeed; and glad enough we were when day-light appeared. We went on shore, and we discovered, close to the water's edge, the marks of a lion's paws, and also those of other animals: the size of the lion's feet were as large as the crown of my hat, and the claws had sunk deep in the sand. Soon after, in going through the woods, we saw an immense wild turkey, which I shot: the head stood four feet off the ground; and the captain kept the wings, and the long feathers from the back, as curiosities in his cabin, being as long as peacock's feathers. . . .

In the afternoon of the same day we saw a monstrous grey lion, walking about very quietly, on a small plain close to us.

We feel so much interest in this Work, that we must encroach on part of another Number for its conclusion.

*Nonsense Verses; with an Introduction and Notes.* By James Harley. 12mo. pp. 112. London 1822. T. Cadell.

"Cui Bono," the epigraph on the title-page, is most apt; and we would repeat to the author, Cui bono, cui bono? With obvious abilities for the composition of either light or serious poetry, in a manner to give general pleasure, how could he imagine that these literally "Nonsense Verses," rambling, desultory, unconnected, and aimless, were worthy of himself or of the public? This is the deceit of egotism. What we would laugh at in another, assumes a beauty and importance when it comes from ourselves; and we are very certain, from the good sense and taste displayed by the *pseudo* James Harley, that had he not written this little book, he would have been among the foremost to pronounce it undeserving of the press as a distinct volume. Men of genius, despising rules, are often excursive and irregular; but mere excursiveness and irregularity are not their excellencies. If at times they play the Will-with-a-wisp, their light is still brilliant, though wandering and eccentric; and when they chuse to abandon its coruscations, they again ascend the skies to shine there with a glorious and a steady splendour. Sterne, the prototype of all erratic writers—Byron, in his humorous poems, one of the most sportively digressive—nevertheless act the skilful musician; and however tempted from the air by fugue, or trill, or cadence, they take care at least to have a tune into which all the runs, and shakes, and ornaments resolve themselves. Nonsense Verses are a Voluntary, all of disjointed passages; and however willing we are to recognize the clever hand in many of the touches, we confess that we dislike a piece of nothing but flights, without a thread of connexion, far less a body on which to append the episodes, if episodes such undigested wanderings can be denominated.

A lively Introduction describes four friends enjoying a social evening within, while a storm rages without. As they cannot sing, they agree each to contribute a copy of verses for the entertainment of the others. The first, entitled "*All is Vanity*," is very short and slight, but pretty. The second, called, "*Pour prendre Conge*," we copy entirely, as a convenient sample of the author's talent:—

In vain for three seasons each art has been tried,  
I still am unwed, and unwed must abide;  
In vain have my mother and I, every night, [bite;  
Tried to gudgeon the men—but the flats will not  
Sad, sad is my fate, every scheme has miscarried,  
I was twenty last Christmas, and still am unmarried!

In vain to our dinners were dozens invited, [ed—  
And scores with our parties at night were delight—  
Oh! was it for this that I sung till my throat  
Grew so hoarse not an ear could distinguish a note,  
(Though of course every hearer pronounced it  
divine, [fine;)

That the words were so charming, the music so  
Oh! was it for this that I danced each quadrille,  
With a fairy-like grace and a Paris-taught skill;  
That I lost all my roses by keeping late hours,  
Till now I must cull some from Ackerman's bowers?  
Oh! horrid! three months dear Sir Thomas I  
thought [caught;

In my snare, a rich treasure, at last had been  
Every morning his tithery whisked me along,  
In the evening he sought me all others among;  
My partner when dancing, companion when still,  
The page at my beck, and the slave of my will.  
To carry my fan, oh! how happy was he! [rea!  
How delighted he seem'd when he sweeten'd my  
When I sung, with what ardour, enraptur'd, he  
listen'd; [glisten'd!

When I smil'd, what delight in his eyes ever  
Oh! Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, may grief be my lot  
For the whole of next winter, if thou art forgo!

Mama, too, dear creature! how kindly she plann'd  
Fresh schemes to entice to propose for my hand!  
To-day 'twas a dinner—her dishes were eat up;  
To-morrow a rout, the best she could get up.  
The dinner was eat, and the rout it was over,  
But, alas! not an offer was made by my lover!  
Every hall in the county was graced by our faces,  
Corporation, election, assizes, and races; [often  
What money we spent at the play-house, where  
I fancied fair Juliet my lover might soften!  
And that fiction might help to promote declaration— [tion!

All on earth is, I vow, nought but grief and vexa-  
After all our endearments, and plots, and advances,  
Routs, dinners, wines, dishes, songs, music, and  
dances,

One morn, on returning from calls, as expected  
His card on the table I found; but connected  
Three grief-speaking letters, two Ps and a C,  
Rear'd their forms as in mockery of love and of me!

The third production is "*Mazepa Married*,"  
and the story of a Knight wedded to a Storm  
Spectre. The fourth and last is the Non-  
sense Verses, a story, as we have said, of  
nothing whatever but incoherent thoughts  
put into the Ottawa Rima. We transcribe a  
few stanzas, to show how well the author  
might become the graver Muse:—

How sweet to dream of those enchanting days  
When the young fancy opens into life;  
When all that meets the eye's delighted gaze  
Produces bliss, and is with wonder rife;  
Ere the young heart is tarnished, ere the rays  
Of youth are dimm'd by fellow mortals' strife;  
When the young mind first hovers o'er this earth,  
Fresh, unpolite, rejoicing in its birth.

Oh! Emma, 'twas by hoary ocean's tide  
I woo'd thee, won thee;—as the pale moon gleams  
O'er the dark waves, and doth their motion guide,  
So powerful thy memory o'er me streams;  
The memory of those hours when, by my side,  
You sought the beach 'neath Luna's placid beams;  
When fragrant breezes seem'd to sigh of love  
With ruffled sweets from L——'s whispering grove.

Oh! Emma, Emma, those were jocund hours,  
When innocent as free, and free as gay,  
We idly wandered in those happy bowers,  
And whil'd in joy the careless hours away;  
When the green boughs, the many-tinted flowers,  
The morning's dawn, or mists of evening grey,  
Call'd forth the accents of thy mirthful voice,  
And ev'ry echo seem'd to cry—rejoice!

Is Nature changed? No, she is still as fair  
As when she first delighted our young eyes;  
Why then forget our bosoms now to share  
Her proffered joys? Why now so frequent rise  
The sighs of grief? why drop the tears of care?  
What fatal prospect dulls our destinies?  
Nature still smiles on all—still morning dawns,  
And studs with diamonds the dew-bath'd lawns.

Yes, Nature is the same! the moon's as bright,  
As when we first beheld her silvery plane—  
As calmly falls the sable robe of night—  
As sweetly blooms the hawthorn o'er the lane—  
As blue yon distant mountain to the sight;  
And still as blue the ever-restless main—  
As bright th' ethereal canopy on high—  
As gay the birds that 'midst the flower-sprays fly;

And why not so our bosoms? Ask me not—  
The world has flung its veil of woe around;  
Sorrow, and care, and fear, ah! such our lot!  
Amidst the fairest scenes of earth abound;  
E'en the bright water in yon sparry grot  
With mournful murmur trickles to the ground;  
And once we deem'd it, so gay it fell on earth,  
'Twas Nature's music when she long'd for mirth.

When our forefathers would embody Bliss,  
Wherefore so young the new-born deity?  
Ask not the reason—it be nought but this,  
In youth joy sparkles in each radiant eye;  
'Tis then that pouting lips essay to kiss,  
And maidens' bosoms heave the balmy sigh;  
'Tis that when man is young, and then alone,  
The joyful deity by him is known.

Beauty—is she thy idol? View yon cloud  
Borne by the breeze along, and changing fast,—  
List to the winds now rushing by us loud,—  
Behold yon gauzy film now floating past,  
Some tiny insect's wondrous fragile shroud,—  
Think ye that these are things for long to last;  
No—on the morn where are they? Nay, this noon  
Will find them gone—and Beauty fades as soon!

Riches and grandeur—they are not so frail?  
Vain man, regard again yon mould'ring tower,  
For that, alas! proclaims a different tale;  
Where is its founder's strength, and mighty power?  
His "pride of place" was this, his wealth yon vale,  
Yon ruin the sole relic of his hour;  
There, where yon yew outspreads its sombre shade,  
Be fitting monument! his dust is laid.

Perhaps in Pleasure's path thou tak'st thy way,  
And she thou deem'st her own rewards will bring—  
View'st thou yon flutt'ring, deck'd with plumage gay,  
Hov'ring, from flower to flower, on sportive wing;  
'Mid v'let, rose, and lily, see it play:  
Thus would—oh! haste and end its suffering—  
Poor heedless butterfly! it breathes no more,  
Drown'd in yon vase, its little life is o'er!

To afford farther illustration to so brief a  
work is unnecessary.—We shall be glad to  
see the author again in a more judicious shape.

*The Works of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K.B. &c. From the originals in the possession of his grandson the Earl of Essex. 3 vols. 12mo. London 1822. E. Jeffery & Son.*

THE great difference of moral feeling, as far as licentiousness or decorousness of language indicate it, between the age of our early Comedy and the present, had not become so apparent by many degrees 70 or 80 years ago, when Sir Charles Hanbury figured as one of the gentlemen who write with ease. Still, however, he was a gross scribbler even for the second quarter of last century, and his coarse obscenity and profaneness were hardly tolerable at that period of indecent freedom and filthy wit. Delicate, refined, and virtuous, at least in all the externals of life, as is the standard at which this country has now happily arrived, those things which were at their concoction offensive in the author, are utterly unpardonable in his editor, and in the "eminent persons" to whose "generosity" (preface, vi.) he ascribes his having acquired the power of insulting the public with such a collection of beastly ribaldry as these volumes contain. It ought to be mentioned, that a disclaimer of any connivance in this publication, on the parts of the families of Bedford and Essex, has appeared in the newspapers; but as no explanation is given as to how the MSS. were obtained, and no prevention has been applied by the nobleman in whose possession the documents are asserted in the title-page to be, such a statement is as like one of the puffs to stimulate curiosity, which a low class of booksellers employ, as a positive proof that the editor has produced a worthless work, with the stamp of a direct falsehood upon its front. Be this as it may, the performance itself is as stupid as it is disgusting. The canon of Pope (which might have acquired authority when Sir Hanbury Williams wrote)

Immodest words admit of no defence,  
For want of decency is want of sense—

was never more completely borne out than by this injurious memorial of that unhappy person. The want of sense is visible on every page, and, what is still worse for those whose infamous purpose it was to profit by such ignominious means (though fortunate for society,) the want of humour and wit is equally conspicuous. It is delightful to feel how flat the party spirit and individual abuse, the factious revilings and personal satire, of an age only one generation removed from us, falls upon the sense. The squib of Fog, Mist, or Craftsman, the jest of the day, the sarcasm of the partisan—the thing which turned an adversary into ridicule—shook a minister in his seat—or galled a king—alas! quite chop-fallen, not worth so much waste paper as the space which they blot. The gin-tax, the Sandys, the Wilingtons; great marks of their time, now disregarded where by accident their names are known: yea, the very Pulteneys, and Pelhams, and Pitts, viewed through the retrospective glass, (that extraordinary diminisher of human matters, or rather that



ordinary telescope which made them so large in prospect reversed) have shrunk into so unimportant a size as to afford in themselves none of the interest of which the temporary and paltry productions of Sir H. Williams stand so much in need to recommend them to attention. Will the jeux d'esprit of Moore and Croker, of Dubois, Hook, Smith, &c. &c. &c. the attic salt and peppery seasoning of our periodicals—will these, which have raised so much laughter, and excited so much bitterness in our days, be of as little significance to posterity fifty years hence, as the like productions of fifty years ago are now to us? Philosophy may find it out; but surely, from the specimens before us, Sir C. H. Williams never could have been higher than a third-rate witling, with the additional depreciation that what he had not in talent he endeavoured to supply by obscene vulgarity.

Possessing hardly a composition which would for its ability or humour be admitted into one of our least fastidious newspapers, and being stained with the nastiness of the lowest St. Giles's, it is difficult for us to do more with this work than express (as we have done) our opinion of it as a very disgraceful publication. We shall, however, try to extract from it the very few anecdotes and passages which can be referred to as in the least amusing. The first volume consists chiefly of political poems on the Duke of Argyll, Duke of Newcastle, Bubb Doddington, Lord Bath, &c. The following are notes appended to some of them:

Giles Erle, Thomas Winnington, William Clayton, Lord Sundon, were Commissioners of the Treasury with Mr. Doddington when he quitted. The two first were as remarkable for wit as the last for the want of it, and for slowness of comprehension, of which Doddington was always complaining. One day that Lord Sundon laughed at something Doddington had said, Winnington, in a whisper to the latter, said, "You are very ungrateful; you see Lord Sundon takes your joke." "No, no," said Doddington, "he's laughing now at what I said last board day."

Earle was very covetous, and affected to be so more than he was; and his humour was set off by a whining tone, crabbed face, and very laughing eyes. One day as he was eating oysters, he said, "Lord God! what fine things oysters would be, if one could make one's servants live on the shells!"

Lady Bath, with an infernal temper, had a great deal of wit. Lord Bath saying to her in one of her passions, "Pray, my dear, keep your temper," she replied, "Keep my temper! I don't like it so well, I wonder you should."

*Written on the Earl of Bath's door in Piccadilly.*

Here dead to fame, lives patriot Will,  
His grave a lordly seat;  
His title proves his Epitaph,  
His robes his winding-sheet.

The second volume is a mixture of prose and poetry of the same description with the first, namely political satire and rank obscenity. With "a great gulp" we quote one of the most quotable, and certainly one of the wittiest pieces:

#### NEW BALLAD.

*On Lord Doneraile's altering his Chapel at the Grove, in Hertfordshire, into a Kitchen.*

By Ovid, 'mongst many more wonders, we're told  
What chanc'd to Philemon and Baucis of old,  
How a cot to a temple was conjur'd by Jove;  
So a chapel was chang'd to a kitchen at Grove.

*Derry down, &c.*

The lord of the mansion most rightly conceiting,  
That his guests lov'd good prayers, much less than  
good eating;  
And possess'd by the J-v-l (as some folks will tell  
What was meant for the soul he assign'd to the  
belly.

*Derry down, &c.*

The word was scarce given, but down dropt the  
clock,  
And strait was seen fix'd in the form of a jack;  
'Tis shameful to say, pulpit, benches and pews,  
Form'd cupboards and shelves for plates, sauce-  
pans and stews.

*Derry down, &c.*

No fires, but what pure devotion could raise,  
Till now had been known in this temple to blaze!  
But, good lord, how the neighbours around did  
admire,

When the chimney rose up in the room of a spire!

For a Jew many people the master mistook,  
Whose Levites were scullions, whose high priest  
a cook;

And thought that he meant our religion to alter,  
When they saw the burnt-offerings smook at the  
altar.

*Derry down, &c.*

The bell's solemn sound which was heard far and  
near,

And oft rous'd the chaplain unwilling to pray'r;  
No more to good sermons now summon the sinner,  
But, blasphemous, rings all the country to dinner.

When my good lord the bishop had heard the  
strange story,

How the place was prophan'd, that was built to  
God's glory;  
With zeal he cry'd out, "Oh, how impious the  
To cram christians with pudding instead of the  
creed."

*Derry down, &c.*

Then away to the Grove hied the church's pro-  
tector,  
Resolving to read his lay-brother a lecture;  
But scarce had begun, when he saw plac'd be-  
fore 'em,

An haunch piping hot from the *sanctum sanctorum*.

"Troth," quoth he, "I can find no great sin in the  
plan,

"What's useless to God, to make useful to man;  
"Besides 'tis a true christian duty, we read,

"The poor and the hungry with good things to  
feed."

*Derry down, &c.*

Then again on the walls he bestow'd consecration,  
But reserv'd the full right of a free visitation;  
Thus 'tis the lord's house, only varied the treat,  
Now there's meat without grace, where was grace  
without meat.

*Derry down, &c.*

The third volume consists of verses, let-  
ters, an account of the early history of Po-  
land, and some profane parodies on the  
Scriptures, like those of Mr. Hone. The  
Polish history is the only part possessed of  
the slightest interest. The following is an  
extract from Dlugossius' reign of King  
Pias:

That nothing improbable may appear in  
the wonders we have told of the life of Pias,  
from whence either calumny, or disbelief,  
might arise; I shall cite two parallel cases  
both indisputably true: one of which is to be

found in the life of St. Remigius; who when  
he was Bishop of Rheims, taking care by an  
annual visitation to examine the manners,  
morals, and faith of the people committed to  
his charge; he observed that one of his own  
relations did not preserve that hospitality in  
his house that became him; and that he had  
no wine in his cellars. Upon which he  
kneeled down before one of the empty hogs-  
heads, and after having prayed before it, he  
made the sign of the cross upon it, and  
wine immediately flowed out in great plenty.  
Another example I shall cite, which is to be  
found in the life of St. Germanus, who when  
he went to preach the Gospel in Britain,  
accompanied by his disciples, in an extreme  
cold winter, he arrived at the king's palace,  
and begged some hospitable charity for him-  
self, and his followers, to preserve them from  
the miseries of hunger, and the rudeness of  
the season. The king (what king God  
knows!) denied him his request, and refused  
him and his companions admittance into his  
palace; but one of the king's servants coming  
out of the palace, beheld the saint and his  
retinue with compassion, and invited them  
to his house, where he killed a calf for them,  
and gave them to eat: but when St. Germa-  
nus (and his tribe) had eaten up all the veal,  
he called for the skin, and putting it over the  
bones, the saint made a prayer, and immedi-  
ately the calf appeared in the same form  
that he had before he was killed. The noise  
of this miracle being spread abroad, the saint  
entered the palace the next morning, assem-  
bled the people together, and after having  
reproached the king with his want of charity  
and hospitality, deposed him, and obliged his  
Majesty with his wife and children to depart  
out of the palace immediately, which they  
did much against their wills. He then pro-  
ceeded to place the charitable servant upon  
the throne, and from that time the kings of  
England have sprung from this serving-man.

Another miracle in the reign of Boleslaus  
may also be quoted:

The bishop had bought an estate from a  
person who had not long before purchased it  
from another proprietor of another family.  
The king, to plague the bishop, stirred up the  
heirs of the first possessor to begin a law suit  
at his tribunal against the prelate; and their  
plea was, that their ancestor had never sold  
the estate to the family from whom Stanis-  
laus had purchased it; and that, therefore,  
the right remained in them. At the day of  
trial, Stanislaus appeared, but his witnesses  
had been so terrified by the threats of Boles-  
laus that none of them came, and the king  
decided the suit against the bishop: upon  
which that prelate said, "he would soon  
make the goodness of his cause appear by a  
witness that could not be frightened from  
doing his duty, and speaking truth;" and  
after having said this, he returned to Cra-  
cow, where he summoned all the members of  
the Church, and having made them fast and  
pray for three days, he went with them to  
the tomb of the first proprietor, whose name  
was Peter, and commanded him to rise out of  
his grave and follow him. Peter immediately  
obeyed, and followed the bishop to the king's  
palace; and there declared that he had sold,  
and had power to sell the estate to those  
from whom the bishop had bought it. After  
having given this evidence, Stanislaus and  
Peter returned to Peter's grave, but before  
Peter buried himself, the bishop asked him  
very civilly whether he had a mind to live



any longer, and that if he had, life was at his service; upon which Peter made a fine speech against life, and ended it with desiring the prelate to pray him out of purgatory, and then entered his coffin, and composed himself very calmly to die for the second time.

Three very indifferent portraits adorn these very indecent volumes; and the whole catchpenny cannot boast twenty pages worth reading. It is a happy thing when dulness and the utter absence of interest thus accompany works of a vicious tendency: there is no inducement to peruse them, and they fall, as the author of this blackguard trash died, in the disregarded mire of their own pollution.

*The Three Perils of Man; or, War, Women, and Witchcraft. A Border Romance.* By James Hogg, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London 1822. Longman & Co.

THE considerable but undisciplined talents of Mr. Hogg are prominent in this publication; of which the first volume impresses us with a very favourable opinion of his powers, and the other two excite little besides pity at the perversion of mind, which could suppose such a jumble of extravagance capable of amusing any rational being. The interest of the story, and the skill displayed in combining its incidents, certainly bespeak abilities, which, better directed, might have produced a good Romance; but employed as they have been on the antics of devils, wizards, and all sorts of wild, and at the same time weak imaginings, they have degenerated into the conceptions of arrant nonsense, delivered in dialect probably not very intelligible even in Scotland, and pimpled with coarseness, indelicacy, and profaneness.

The period chosen for this Romance is

"In days when good King Robert rang;"

and its chief circumstances relate to a chivalrous siege of Roxburgh Castle by Lord Douglas, the conditions of which were, that if he took it before Christmas-day, he should marry Margaret Stuart, the king's daughter, and if he failed, that he should forfeit all his lands to the crown. The castle is defended by Sir Philip, Lord Musgrave, who has sworn to keep it till after Christmas, as a proof of his devoted love to Lady Jane Howard. One of Douglas's allies is Sir Ringan Scott, warden of the Middle Marches; but his object being the aggrandizement of his own house, rather than that of the already too powerful Douglas name, he limits his operations to the cutting off of supplies and the interception of convoys.—The operations of the siege are materially affected by a romantic adventure. The two heroines, disguised as men, and travelling to witness the exploits of their knights, encounter each other, and Margaret Stuart sends her rival in beauty a prisoner to Douglas; and farther encroaches upon him herself in the character of a page dispatched by his mistress. Having also taken a brother of Musgrave's in a sally, the Scottish chief endeavours to influence a surrender by threatening the lives of his captives. Musgrave, however, destroys himself, rather than yield to this severe necessity, and the castle holds out successfully under Clavering, his successor in com-

mand. Meanwhile Sir Ringan, on whose mind an old prophecy works, that

"In digging at the starris the D shall doupe down,  
But the S shall be S quhane the heide S is

resolves to send a mission to his kinsman, Michael Scott, the renowned warlock, in order to ascertain if the epoch of the prediction be now at hand, the D signifying Douglas aiming at the starris (the royal progeny of Stuart,) and the S typifying the ascension of his own name, Scott. On this embassy are dispatched Charlie Scott of Yardbire, a stark borderer of gigantic strength and great prowess; a gospel friar from England, who had sought refuge with the stout Baron; Gibby Jordan of the Peat-stacknowe, a story-telling laird and retainer of Sir Ringan's; Thomas Craik, otherwise Deil's Tam, a gluttonous adventurer; Colley, a minstrel and cowardly fellow; and a maiden called Delany, an English prisoner, to be presented to "the master," (the necromancer) if his reception should be propitious. The adventures of this motley crew, with Michael Scott and his imps, fill more than one half of the three volumes, and are too grossly absurd to be entertaining. In the end Sir Ringan takes the castle by a stratagem for Douglas, who consequently marries Margaret, while Charlie Scott weds the Howard, and Colley, the poltroon bard, the fair Delany. The wizard himself, after many combats with the devil in propria persona, is slain by his hellish antagonist.

Such being the outline of this Romance, we are not disposed to quote much by way of example; since, as we have stated our opinion, we consider nearly the whole after the first volume to be a mistaken representation of the absurd for the romantic. The author does not seem to be aware that even the supernatural ought to have its bounds of probability and consistency; and that every idle fancy is not an invention of the grand to strike, or the grotesque to entertain.

To exhibit Mr. Hogg's style and manner as well as his abilities, where he has not allowed utter extravagance to run away with his judgment, we shall select two or three of his happier passages. The following trait of the siege of Roxburgh, founded on fact we believe, is well told and applied.

"The garrison were already reduced to the greatest extremes; they were feeding on their horses and on salted hides; and, two or three days previous to this, their only communication with their countrymen had been cut off, they could not tell how. It was at best only precarious, being carried on in the following singular way.—The besieged had two communications with the river, by secret covered ways from the interior of the fortress. In each of these they had a small windlass, that winded on and let off a line nearly a mile in length. The lines were very small, being made of plaited brass wire; and, putting a buoy on a hook at the end of each one of these, they let them down the water. Their friends knowing the very spot where they stopped, watched, and put dispatches on the hooks, with fish, beef, venison, and every kind of convenience, which they pulled up below the water, sometimes for a whole night together; and though this proved but a scanty supply for a whole garrison, it was for a long time quite regular, and they depended a good deal on it.

But one night it so chanced that an old

fisherman, who fished for the monastery, had gone out with his coble by night to spear salmon in the river. He had a huge blaze flaming in a grate that stood exalted over the prow of his wherry; and with the light of that he pricked the salmon out of their deep recesses with great acuteness. As he was plying his task he perceived a fish of a very uncommon size and form scouring up the river with no ordinary swiftness. At first he started, thinking he had seen the devil: but a fisher generally strikes at every thing he sees in the water. He struck it with his barbed spear, called on Tweed a leister, and in a moment had it into his boat. It was an excellent sirloin of beef. The man was in utter amazement, for it was dead, and lay without moving, like other butchermeat; yet he was sure he saw it running up the water at full speed. He never observed the tiny line of plaited wire, nor the hook, which indeed was buried in the lire; and we may judge with what surprise he looked on this wonderful fish—this phenomenon of all aquatic productions. However, as it seemed to lie peaceably enough, and looked very well as a piece of beef, he resolved to let it remain, and betake himself again to his business. Never was there an old man so bewildered as he was, when he again looked into the river,—never either on Tweed or any other river on earth. Instead of being floating down the river peaceably in his boat, as one naturally expects to do, he discovered that he was running straight against the stream. He expected to have missed about fifty yards of the river by his adventure with the beef; but—no!—instead of that he was about the same distance advanced in his return up the stream. The windlass at the castle, and the invisible wire line, of which he had no conception, having been still dragging him gradually up. "Saint Mary, the mother of God, protect and defend poor Sandy Yellowlees!" cried he; "What can be the meaning of this? Is the world turned upside down? Aha! our auld friend, Michael Scott, has some hand i' this! He's no to cree legs wi' i' s' be quits wi' him." With that he tumbled his beef again into the water, which held on its course with great rapidity straight up the stream, while he and his boat returned quietly in the contrary and natural direction.

"Aye, there it goes," cried Sandy, "straight on for Aikwood! I's warrant that's for the warlock's an' the deil's dinner the morn. God be praised I'm free o't, or I should soon have been there too!"

Old Sandy fished down the river, but he could kill no more salmon that night,—for his nerves had got a shock with this new species of fishing that he could not overcome. He missed one; wounded another on the tail; and struck a third on the righback, where no leister can pierce a fish, till he made him spring above water. Sandy grew chagrined at himself and the warlock, Michael Scott, too—for this last was what he called "a real prime fish." Sandy gripped the leister a little firmer, clenched his teeth, and drew his bonnet over his eyes to shield them from the violence of his blaze. He then banned the wizard into himself, and determined to kill the next fish that made his appearance. But, just as he was keeping watch in this guise, he perceived another fish something like the former, but differing in some degree, coming swaggering up the river full speed. "My heart laup to my teeth," said Sandy, "when I saw it coming, and I heaved the

leister, but durstna strike; but I lookit weel, an' saw plainly that it was either a side o' mutton or venison, I couldna tell whilk. But I loot it gang, an' shook my head. 'Aha, Michael, lad,' quo' I, 'ye hae countit afore your host for aince! Auld Sandy has beguiled ye. But ye weel expectit to gie him a canter to hell the night.' I rowed my boat to the side, an' made a' the hast hame I could, for I thought auld Michael had taen the water to himsel that night.

Sandy took home his few fish, and went to sleep, for all was quiet about the abbey and the cloisters of his friends, the monks; and when he awoke next morning he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses, regarding what he had seen during the night. He arose and examined his fishes, and could see nothing about them that was not about other salmon. Still he strongly suspected they too might be some connections of Michael's—something illusory, if not worse; and took care to eat none of them himself, delivering them all to the cook of the monastery. The monks ate them, and throve very well; and as Sandy had come by no bodily harm, he determined to try the fishing once again, and if he met with any more such fish of passage to examine them a little better. He went out with his boat, light, and fish-spear as usual; and scarcely had he taken his station, when he perceived one of a very uncommon nature approaching. He did not strike at it, but only put his leister-grains before it as if to stop its course, when he found the pressure against the leister very strong. On pulling the leister towards him, one of the barbs laid hold of the line by which the phenomenon was led; and not being able to get rid of it, he was obliged to pull it into the boat. It was a small cask of Malmsey wine; and at once, owing to the way it was drawn out, he discovered the hook and line fastened to the end of it. These he disengaged with some difficulty, the pull being so strong and constant; and the mystery was thus found out. In a few minutes afterwards he seized a large sheaf of arrows; and sometime after, at considerable intervals, a number of excellent sides of beef and venison."

This trade he carries on secretly for a while; but at last an English trooper consents to be drawn up the river, and seizes the sly Sandy, whose reward is that of being hanged over the Castle walls.

We have mentioned that Gibby Jordan is a great story teller: his apologies are not indeed always apposite, but he lugs them in at every opportunity. The following is one of the shortest and best; it occurs in a council among the deputation to determine on the most proper person to address Michael Scott. Yardbire says it must lie between the Gospel Friar and Gibby, on which the latter observes: "Gude troth, Yardbire, an the task light on either of us, weel bring me in mind o' the laird o' Glencarthol, when he stackt' the midden at Saint Johnston, an' tint himsel' i' the dark entry. The laird, you see, he comes to the door of a sow-house, an' calls out, 'Good people within there, can you tell me the way to the Queen's hostelry?' 'Oogh! cried the auld sow. The laird repeated his question quite distinctly, which disturbing some o' the pigs, they came to the back o' the door an' fell a murmuring an' squeaking. 'What do you say?' said the laird in his turn: 'I'll thank you if you will not just speak so vahtemently. The pigs went on, 'Oh, I hear yqu speak Erse, in this

house,' said the laird; 'but no matter: thank you for your information, I will try to work my way.' Now you see, Yardbire, like draws eye to like; an' for the friar, wi' his auld warid says, or me, to address the great Master, it wad be a reversing o' nature, an' the very order of things. I hae nae hope o' our good success at a', an it wana for that bonnie Delany. If he's a man, an' no just an incarnate deil, he will be delightit wi' her."

In their progress the ambassadors have a skirmish with some English borderers, which is the most spirited part of the book, though sufficiently improbable to prepare readers for the grosser scenes which follow at the Warlock's. With these however we shall have nought to do, but take leave of Mr. Hogg's Three Perils of Man, admonishing him of a fourth,—the peril of publishing nonsense.

*Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The Opinions and Reflections of Napoleon on the most important Events of his Life and Government, in his own Words.* By Barry E. O'Meara, Esq. his late Surgeon. 8vo. 2 vols. London 1829. Simpkin & Marshall.

THESE volumes have appeared too late in the present week to admit of a detailed examination or critical opinion. Their author in a preface asserts their authenticity, and contends for the propriety of his conduct at St. Helena, and since his recall. He appears in the light of a partisan of Buonaparte's; but he disavows any responsibility in the matters which he relates; the whole being assigned to his principal, and he claiming to be simply a veritable reporter of what he heard. Such are the colours under which these volumes solicit public attention.

The form adopted is that of a diary, commencing with the voyage to St. Helena; and all the early portion of the work is occupied with repetitions of those squabbles at Longwood, the noise of which has long rung over Europe. Very little of novelty occurs; we have the old picture of Buonaparte acting like a sick peevish girl, and abusing Sir Hudson Lowe, while the latter, like the Irish Drummer, could not please him, strike where he would. Of the very beginning of these petty turmoils the following example may be given:—Buonaparte is represented as describing to O'Meara his interview with the new Governor.

"I never saw such a horrid countenance. He sat on a chair opposite to my sofa, and on the little table between us there was a cup of coffee. His physiognomy made such an unfavourable impression upon me, that I thought his looks had poisoned it, and I ordered Marchand to throw it out of the window; I could not have swallowed it for the while."

Count Las Cases, who entered Napoleon's room a few minutes after the departure of the governor, told me, that the emperor had said to him:—"Mon Dieu! c'est une figure bien sinistre, j'en ai peine à le dire, mais c'est à ne pas prendre une tasse de café, s'il était demeuré un instant seul auprès."

Soon after—

"It appears," said he, "that your ministers have sent out a great many articles of

dress for us, and other things, which it was supposed might be wanted. Now, if this governor was possessed of the feelings of a gentleman, he would have sent a list of them to Bertrand, stating that the English government had sent a supply of certain articles which it was thought we might want, and that if we stood in need of them, we might order such as we pleased. But, instead of acting in a manner pointed out by the rules of politeness, this *général* converts into an insult, what, probably, your government intended as a civility, by selecting what things he himself pleases, and sending them up in a contemptuous manner, without consulting us, as if he were sending alms to a set of beggars, or clothing to convicts. *Veramente ha il cuore di boja*, for nobody but a *boja* would unnecessarily increase the miseries of people, situated like us, already too unhappy. His hands soil every thing that passes through them. See how he torments that poor lady, Madame Bertrand, by depriving her of the little society she was accustomed to, and which is necessary to her existence. It is not punishing her husband, who, if he has a book, is contented. I am astonished that he allows you, or Poppleton, to remain near me. He would willingly watch me himself always, were it in his power. Have you any galley-slaves in England?" I replied, No; but that we had some convicts who were condemned to work at Portsmouth and elsewhere. "Then," said he, "he ought to have been made keeper of them. It would be exactly the office suited for him."

This is very querulous and splenetic, and does not exhibit the Ex-emperor in a dignified attitude. Other traits are of a different character; we select a few, and some anecdotes, to fill up this hasty specimen of the work.

Saw Napoleon at his toilette. While dressing, he is attended by Marchand, St. Denis, and Novarre. One of the latter holds a looking-glass before him, and the other the necessary implements for shaving, while Marchand is in waiting to hand his clothes, *eau de Cologne*, &c. When he has gone over one side of his face with the razor, he asks St. Denis or Novarre, "Is it done?" And after receiving an answer, commences on the other. After he has finished, the glass is held before him to the light, and he examines whether he has removed every portion of his beard. If he perceives or feels that any remains, he sometimes lays hold of one of them by the ear, or gives him a gentle slap on the cheek, in a good-humoured manner, crying, "Ah, *coquin*, why did you tell me it was done?" This, probably, has given rise to the report of his having been in the habit of beating and otherwise ill-treating his domestics. He then washes with water, in which some *eau de Cologne* has been mingled, a little of which he also sprinkles over his person, very carefully picks and cleans his teeth, frequently has himself rubbed with a flesh brush, changes his linen and flannel waistcoat, and dresses in white kerseymer (or brown nankin) breeches, white waistcoat, silk stockings, shoes and gold buckles, and a green single-breasted coat with white buttons, black stock, with none of the white shirt-collar appearing above it, and a three-cornered small cocked hat, with a little tri-coloured cockade. When dressed, he always wears the cordon and grand cross of the legion of honour. When he has put

on his coat, a little *bonhomme*, his snuff-box, and handkerchief, scented with *eau de Cologne*, are handed to him by Marchand, and he leaves the chamber. - - -

The conversation then turned upon French naval officers. "Villeneuve," said he, "when taken prisoner and brought to England, was so much grieved at his defeat, that he studied anatomy on purpose to destroy himself. For this purpose, he bought some anatomical plates of the heart, and compared them with his own body, in order to ascertain the exact situation of that organ. On his arrival in France, I ordered that he should remain at Rennes, and not proceed to Paris. Villeneuve, afraid of being tried by a court martial for disobedience of orders, and consequently losing the fleet, for I had ordered him not to sail, or to engage the English, determined to destroy himself, and accordingly took his plates of the heart, and compared them with his breast. Exactly in the centre of the plate, he made a mark with a large pin, then fixed the pin as near as he could judge in the same spot in his own breast, shoved it in to the head, penetrated his heart, and expired. When the room was opened, he was found dead; the pin in his breast, and a mark in the plate corresponding with the wound in his breast. He need not have done it," continued he, "as he was a brave man, though possessed of no talent."

Report belies him much, if Villeneuve was not assassinated—his fate *we know* was foretold to him before he left England.

- - - I asked him, if the king of Prussia was a man of talent. "Who," said he, "the king of Prussia?" He burst into a fit of laughter. "He a man of talent! The greatest blockhead on earth. *Un ignorantaccio che non ha né talento, né informazione.* A Don Quixotte in appearance. I know him well. He cannot hold a conversation for five minutes. Not so his wife. She was a very clever, fine woman, but very unfortunate. *Era bella, graziosa, e piena d'intelligenza.*" - - -

I asked his opinion about Soult, and mentioned that I had heard some persons place him in the rank next to himself as a general. He replied, "he is an excellent minister at war, or major-general of an army: one who knows much better the arrangement of an army, than to command in chief." - - -

Heard a curious anecdote of Gen. Vandamme. When made prisoner by the Russians, he was brought before the Emperor Alexander, who reproached him in bitter terms with being a robber, a plunderer, and a murderer; adding, that no favour could be granted to such an execrable character. This was followed by an order that he should be sent to Siberia, whilst the other prisoners were sent to a much less northern destination. Vandamme replied, with great *sang froid*, "It may be, sire, that I am a robber and a plunderer; but at least I have not to reproach myself with having soiled my hands with the blood of a father!" - - -

- - - I observed to him, that when he was emperor, he had caused Sir George Cockburn's brother to be arrested, when envoy at Hamburg, and conveyed to France, where he was detained for some years. He appeared surprised at this, and endeavoured to recollect it. After a pause, he asked me, if I was sure that the person so arrested was Sir George Cockburn's brother. I replied, that I was perfectly so, as the admiral had told

me the circumstance himself. "It is likely enough," replied he, "but I do not recollect the name. I suppose, however, that it must have been at the time when I caused all the English I could find on the continent to be detained, because your government had seized upon all the French ships, sailors, and passengers they could lay their hands upon, in harbour, or at sea, before the declaration of war. I, in my turn, seized upon all the English that I could find at land, in order to shew them, that if they were all-powerful at sea, and could do what they liked there, I was equally so by land, and had as good a right to seize people on my element as they had upon theirs. Now," said he, "I can comprehend the reason why your ministers selected him. I am surprised, however, that he never told me any thing about it. A man of delicacy would not have accepted the task of conducting me here under similar circumstances. You will see," continued he, "that in a short time the English will cease to hate me." - - -

The emperor again in his bath. Conversing about the English manufacturers, blamed the ministers for not having availed themselves of circumstances that had existed to make a favourable commercial treaty with Spain and Portugal. "If," added he, "I were now on the throne of France, Ferdinand would be my friend. As long as the Spaniards and Portuguese retain their colonies in South America, so long will they be against England. The world is too enlightened to allow you to usurp the whole of the trade and manufactures. I, myself, during my reign, gave up near five hundred convents, without any payment, to individuals, on the sole condition of their engaging to establish a manufactory in each. Moreover, I lent them out of my own pocket upwards of fifty millions of francs to enable them to go on, which they were to retain for nine years, without paying any interest, after which term the principal was to be returned." - - -

Thus far our bounds in this Number permit us to echo it; but we shall return, more regularly, to the Voice from St. Helena next week, and probably have some observations to offer which resemble the Irish Echo.

#### MEMOIRS OF ARTEM1.

Having in our last introduced this primitive hero of Wagarschapat near Ararat to our readers, and brought down his characteristic and eventful auto-biography to one of the most important circumstances in his life, we hasten to communicate the particulars and consequences of that affair in his own original style. Mentioning the festival of the elevation of the cross, he thus proceeds:

"I had not noticed, that in the church-regulations, a different anthem was prescribed for this occasion, and made a blunder in the evening service, by commencing the usual strophes; nor did I correct myself till the second chorus began to be sung. Karapet himself had not at all times his wits about him, and would probably have committed the same blunder that I had; he was, nevertheless, extremely angry with me. On quitting the church he overtook me, caught me furiously by the arm, and dashed me with such violence against the flagstones with which the way was paved, that

I lay quite insensible, as I was afterwards told, for above an hour, till some other persons, hearing of the circumstance, came and carried me in their arms to his cell. The blood had started from my eyes to such a degree that I was quite blind for three days; all my fingers were smashed, and I was bathed as it were in blood. My mother, when she was informed of this accident, regardless of the rule which forbids women access to the convent; excepting twice a year at stated times, forced her way in, came to our cell, and was nearly driven to despair, when she beheld me in such a state, that I was scarcely to be recognized. She abused Karapet, called him and the monks tigers and monsters; adding, that she had not brought up her son, and suffered such distress and misery on his account as she had done, merely for them to kill him; she insisted that I should be delivered back to her as sound as he had received me; in short, she made a great uproar in the convent. All this was instantly reported to the patriarch, who gave orders that my mother should be turned out of the convent without ceremony, and not again admitted; and Karapet was severely reprimanded. My mother, agonized with grief, and filling the air with her sighs, went round the walls of the convent till she sunk down exhausted, as she afterwards informed me; for I then lay insensible, and was confined at least three months to my bed. Meanwhile pains were taken for my recovery; my eyes soon got well; plasters were put on my hands, and all my fingers healed but one. In order to ascertain the cause of this, they applied to it the flesh of the fish *karmirachai*, which is delicate eating, and used as an external remedy, has the effect of eating away the flesh without putrefaction and almost without pain, so as to lay the bones and nerves completely bare. It was then discovered that the fore-finger of the left hand was broken at the joint, and the sinews injured. Inquiry was made for a bone-setter, and I was sent under the care of some of the people of the convent to Erivan, to Revas, the Armenian, who resided in the Armenian village of Kond, which signifies high hill. Revas was agent there to the convent, a skilful workman in copper and silver, who was also versed in other arts—a very clever man, and whose acquirements were not of the superficial kind. When I arrived at his house, I was still so weak, that I could not stand on my legs without holding by something. I was to go forty wersts farther to Gerch-Bulach, where a very eminent bone-setter then dwelt. The road almost the whole way was over mountains, and exceedingly toil-some. Revas took a liking to me, and wishing to spare me the fatigue, wrote to the man, desiring him to come to Erivan; but he was old and would not undertake the journey, especially as the road was infested by robbers. For this reason I passed above a month at Erivan, during which I received the most flattering attentions from Revas and the visitors who frequented his house. At length, my health being sufficiently restored, and the road being cleared of robbers, Revas dispatched me to Gerch-Bulach with some of his own people. My finger had already knitted, but in the bone-setter's opinion, not properly: he therefore deemed it expedient to break it afresh, in order to make a more complete cure. This plan he actually carried into execution while I was



zsleep. On the sudden feeling of such horrid agony I was so terrified, that it is to be ascribed solely to the goodness of Divine Providence, that I did not entirely lose my reason. The bone-setter was certainly a skilful man in his profession; but he was not very successful with my finger, and instead of curing it he only made it worse than it was. It got well however, in time, and I returned to Revas, with whom I wished to remain. By command of the patriarch, people were sent to fetch me away, but I refused to return with them, declaring that after the tyrannical treatment I had experienced, I would not stay any longer in the convent. I was sent for a second time and removed by force. On our return, we passed through the village of Parakar; on an adjacent hill is found *steatite*, which is used by poor people instead of soap. On my arrival at the convent, I was asked whether I would remain there, and returned the same answer as before. The reverend fathers then took it into their heads to extort my consent by violence. They ordered me to be beaten on the soles of the feet with small sticks. This is a common punishment among us, and is not unfrequently inflicted with such severity, that the sufferer is deprived of speech and sense. It is called *falach*, and is executed as follows: At an equal distance from each end of a long pole, is attached a cord in the form of a noose, into which are put the legs of the person to be punished, and these are fastened so tightly to the pole that he cannot stir them, which of itself occasions violent pain. The sufferer is laid on his back on the floor or ground; two men, holding the ends of the pole, lift it breast-high, while a third strikes the soles of the feet. While they were thus beating me, they asked from time to time, whether I would stay in the convent; but I was firmly resolved to endure every thing, and to renounce the monks. In this manner I parted from their reverences, and thanked God that I was not tortured to death. I was thrust ignominiously out of the convent, and returned to my mother at Wagarschapat. This happened in the spring of 1788, in the month of May, which with us is the finest season in the year. I was then fourteen years old."

His old enemies almost work him to death, but he contrives to learn the trade of book-binding, and works for the convent.

"I now (he says) went every day to the convent with my master, and learned to bind books. Besides excellent and plentiful fare of which I partook at the general table with the masters and their apprentices and journeymen, I was paid thirty *paras* a month. The table was divided into two parts: at the one sat the ecclesiastics, at the other the masters and work-people, in all about three hundred persons, though frequently, when there were many pilgrims, the number was not less than five hundred, exclusively of those who were obliged to perform husbandry labour for the convent, and for whom a separate table was kept. Thus I was very comfortable the whole summer, but in winter there was no work. One day while I thus went to the convent in summer, it so happened, that I witnessed a very extraordinary occurrence. One of the pilgrims, a wealthy Armenian merchant, gave all the inmates of the monastery a dinner, at which I also was present. According to the rules of this establishment, no person is allowed

to speak a word during dinner, but all must listen to a sermon or considerations on a passage of Scripture, which one of the ecclesiastics reads from the pulpit. Thus too, on the present occasion, an appropriate discourse, concluding with warm commendations of the devotion and pious zeal of the above-mentioned merchant, was read. One of the archimandrites, who had not long before returned to the convent from an official mission abroad, conversed during the delivery of this discourse with his neighbour. The Archbishop mildly observed to him that he would afterwards have plenty of time for conversation; but the archimandrite, regardless of this admonition, continued talking as before. After dinner the archbishop communicated this act of disobedience to the patriarch, and the poor archimandrite was sentenced to the discipline of the *falach*, during the infliction of which the archbishop said to him: "Now you are at liberty not only to talk, but to shout as much as you please." This *falach* lasted, as usual, a considerable time, and ended with the archbishop's crying out to the almost insensible archimandrite: "Well, why are you now so silent? why don't you speak?"

Returning home the same day in a melancholy mood, in consequence of this event, I was met by a stranger on horseback. Observing my gloomy and dejected look, he inquired, with the sympathy of a humane mind, who I was? whence I came? whither I was going? and why I was so thoughtful? I attributed the gloom, which he could not help noticing, to my situation. When he was informed that I was a poor orphan, and was learning the trade of bookbinding in the convent, he begged me to procure for him the church regulations of the late patriarch Simeon, promising to pay me with a sheep and a horse instead of money. From this liberal promise I concluded that he was a rich and a good man, and merely desired me to get him the regulations that he might confer a benefit on me. He followed me to the village, and when I had shown him our house, he told me that he would come in a few days for the regulations. My mother, observing nothing suspicious in him, formed the same opinion of him as myself. The stranger, though he had received nothing of me, brought me, next evening after dark, a couple of sheep, saying, that having had business to transact not far off, he thought he might as well perform part of his promise, and at the same time reminded me of mine. I gave him immediately a few sheets, which I had partly found in the printing-office among soiled printed paper, and which partly belonged to the overplus or waste; assuring him that I would look up the remainder to complete a copy for him without delay. There was not more than half wanting; these sheets I could not find any where, but I was, nevertheless, bound to fulfil my promise. I had no other means to extricate myself from this dilemma than to take the deficient sheets out of some perfect copies, each of which sold for six rubles, to earn which sum in an honest way, I must have worked in the convent for at least two years. I made up my mind, therefore, to the commission of this theft, and that with the less difficulty, because the loss would scarcely be felt by the convent; whereas, to a poor creature like myself, the acquisition of sheep and a horse was of the highest importance. When the stranger returned I delivered to

him the remaining sheets with joy. He was perfectly satisfied, and the same night brought a third sheep in a sack. This time either his behaviour or his generosity awakened some suspicion in my mother. She ventured to ask, why he had brought the sheep in a sack? "Because," replied he, "a good sack may be useful to you for various purposes, and therefore I expressly desired my people to look out such a one." From the words "my people," we knew that he was a priest, and my mother was now perfectly satisfied. Next day, however, a report reached our village that the priest of Merk-Kulap had quitted his post, and that orders had been given to apprehend him wherever he might be found, as it was known that this priest had turned robber. My mother then conceived a violent mistrust of the stranger, and was so imprudent as to relate all that had happened, but without mentioning the regulations, because she knew nothing about them. She was severely censured for not having given earlier information concerning him; but, God be praised! this affair passed off without any farther unpleasantness to us. The stranger, nevertheless, kept his word, and very soon sent me an excellent horse. From the man who brought him we learned that he was actually the priest of the village of Merk-Kulap, who was already known to us by report, and who, from the spear which he always carried with him, was surnamed *Msrach*. My mother, apprehensive of danger, refused to accept the horse, but the man who brought it persuaded her that she had nothing to fear, and that the priest made her heartily welcome to this present. I, for my part, insisted that the horse was sent for me, and that I had an undoubted right to accept it as the voluntary gift of a benevolent man. For this generous priest, as for every other, these regulations were an essentially necessary article; but it is not an easy matter for every one to pay six rubles for them. *Msrach* certainly did commit depredations: but this man, with an excessively ardent, impetuous, and in some respects vindictive disposition, unlike other thieves, by his robberies avenged, as it were, the poor on the rich, and succoured the former, as far as lay in his power, with what he took from the latter; as if to restore to them a portion of those good things which the wealthy had engrossed. The inhabitants of the village of Merk-Kulap, who were in a state of abject indigence, he assisted to the utmost. If he met with a poor man on the road, he accompanied him till he was in a place of safety; and if he learned from him that he was in urgent distress, he relieved him to the extent of his ability. He reserved but little of his booty for his personal use, and never had any superfluity, but distributed nearly the whole among the unfortunate who fell in his way. In many of the villages the poor blessed him for his benevolence. According to the regulations of the Armenian church, every Armenian ecclesiastic, who has to hold high mass, must previously confess his sins to another priest: now it happened several times that *Msrach* desired to be confessed, but the other priests to whom he applied reproached him with his misdeeds; on which he compelled them by fear to comply, and extorted absolution by threatening them with his vengeance. But notwithstanding the eccentricity of such conduct, *Msrach* brought to the Lord the confession of his sins and of

his repentance with such apparent sincerity and such extraordinary contrition, that his whole soul seemed, if I may be allowed the expression, to be dissolved in bitter tears, which he shed in torrents on such occasions. This was unanimously attested by all the priests to whom he ever confessed himself, though many of them found great fault with his rude and impetuous behaviour.

We really never met with any thing more replete with amusing character and curious views of a state of society, respecting which Europe is almost entirely ignorant, than these extracts present: we shall therefore offer no apology for continuing them,—promising that at the end of a few Numbers of our *Gazette*, Armenia will be better known to the generality than it ever was before to the learned.

#### BURCKHAEDT'S TRAVELS.

In our last week's Number, following the author on his way from Damascus to Cairo, by Arabia Petraea and El Ty, we quoted his able description of Tiberias [now Tabaria], and had arrived with him at Nazareth [now Naszera], of which place, so full of sacred interest, he says:—

Nazera is one of the principal towns of the Pashalik of Akka; its inhabitants are industrious, because they are treated with less severity than those of the country towns in general; two-thirds of them are Turks, and one-third Christians; there are about ninety Latin families; together with a congregation of Greek Catholics and another of Maronites. The house of Joseph is shewn to pilgrims and travellers; but the principal curiosity of Nazareth is the convent of the Latin friars, a very spacious and commodious building, which was thoroughly repaired, and considerably enlarged in 1730. Within it is the church of the Annunciation, in which the spot is shewn where the angel stood, when he announced to the Virgin Mary the tidings of the Messiah; behind the altar is a subterraneous cavern divided into small grottoes, where the Virgin is said to have lived: her kitchen, parlour, and bedroom, are shewn, and a narrow hole in the rock, in which the child Jesus once hid himself from his persecutors; for the Syrian Christians have a plentiful stock of such traditions, unfounded upon any authority of Scripture. The pilgrims who visit these holy spots are in the habit of knocking off small pieces of stone from the walls of the grottoes, which are thus continually enlarging. In the church a miracle is still exhibited to the faithful; a fine granite column, the base and upper part of which remain, has lost the middle part of its shaft. According to the tradition, it was destroyed by the Saracens, ever since which time, the upper part has been miraculously suspended from the roof, as if attracted by a load-stone. All the Christians of Nazareth, with the friars of course at their head, affect to believe in this miracle, although it is perfectly evident that the upper part of the column is connected with the roof. The church is the finest in Syria, next to that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and contains two tolerably good organs. Within the walls of the convent are two gardens, and a small burying ground; the walls are very thick, and serve occasionally as a fortress to all the Christians of

the town. There are at present eleven friars in the convent.

The yearly expenses of the establishment amount to upwards of 900*l.* sterling, a small part of which is defrayed by the rent of a few houses in the town, and by the produce of some acres of corn land; the rest is remitted from Jerusalem. The whole annual expenses of the Terra Santa convents are about 15,000*l.*

----- The inhabitants of Nazareth differ somewhat in features and colour from the northern Syrians; their physiognomy approaches that of the Egyptians, while their dialect and pronunciation differ widely from those of Damascus. In western Palestine, especially on the coast, the inhabitants seem in general to bear more resemblance to the natives of Egypt than to those of northern Syria. Towards the east of Palestine, on the contrary, especially in the villages about Nablous, Jerusalem, and Hebron, they are evidently of the true Syrian stock, in features, though not in language. It would be an interesting subject for an artist to portray accurately the different character of features of the Syrian nations; the Aleppine, the Turkman, the native of Mount Libanus, the Damascene, the inhabitant of the sea-coast from Beirout to Akka, and the Bedouin, although all inhabiting the same country, have distinct national physiognomies, and a slight acquaintance with them enables one to determine the native district of a Syrian, with almost as much certainty as an Englishman may be distinguished at first sight from an Italian or an inhabitant of the south of France.

The Christians of Nazareth enjoy great liberty. The fathers go a shooting alone in their monastic habits to several hours distance from the convent, without ever being insulted by the Turks.\*

At Endor, on the road from Nazareth to Szalt, the witch's grotto is still shown. Near Szalt itself is the Mezar Osha, supposed to contain the tomb of the prophet Hosea,

Equally revered by Turks and Christians,

\* The Rev. J. Berggren, chaplain to the Swedish Legation at Constantinople, where he was on the 24th of April, has just finished a wide tour in these regions. He spent two months at Damascus, travelled into Arabia Felix and Arabia Deserta, passing a considerable time among the Bedouins, and returned by Cesarea, Philippi, and the banks of the Jordan. He next proceeded with an armed caravan, by way of Homs and Hama to Aleppo, whence he made excursions to Comagena to the Bedouin Hordes on the Euphrates, and the Turcomans. He then visited Antioch, the majestic ruins of Seleucia, and Laodicea, going along the coast of Syria, by way of Byblus, Botrys, &c. to Tripolis. The valleys of Lebanon, the highest summits of Libanus, and Balbec, then attracted his footsteps. He afterwards visited Cairo, Heliopolis, Memphis, the pyramids of Ghizeh, and at a later period the great pyramid of Cheops, and then went by way of Alexandria and St. Jean d'Acre to the Holy Land. He passed several weeks at Nazareth, Mount Tabor, the ruins of Capernaum and Bethsaida, and travelled over the Djebel Ettaba, where Jesus preached his sermon on the Mount, by way of Ezdrelon and Sichein to Jerusalem. Here he staid two months, saw Hebron and Bethlehem, and returned by way of Jaffa and St. Jean d'Acre to Constantinople. He states that he has obtained possession of some very rare and most curious manuscripts relative to the religion of the Druses.—*Ed.*

and to whom the followers of both religions are in the habit of offering prayers and sacrifices. The latter consist generally of a sheep, to be slain in honour of the saint, or of some perfumes to be burnt over his tomb. I was invited to partake of a sheep presented by a suppliant, to whose prayers the saint had been favourable. There was a large party, and we spent a very pleasant day under a fine oak-tree just by the tomb. The wives and daughters of those who were invited were present, and mixed freely in the conversation. The tomb is covered by a vaulted building, one end of which serves as a mosque; the tomb itself, in the form of a coffin, is thirty-six feet long, three feet broad, and three feet and a half in height, being thus constructed in conformity with the notion of the Turks, who suppose that all our forefathers were giants, and especially the prophets before Mohammed. The tomb of Noah in the valley of Cælo-Syria is still longer. The coffin of Osha is covered with silk stuffs of different colours, which have been presented to him as votive offerings. Visitors generally throw a couple of paras upon the tomb. These are collected by the guardian, and pay the expenses of illuminating the apartment during the summer months; for in the winter season hardly any body seeks favours at the shrine of the saint. In one corner stands a small plate, upon which some of the most devout visitors place a piece of incense. A wooden partition separates the tomb from the mosque, where the Turks generally say a few prayers before they enter the inner apartment. On the outside of the building is a very large and deep cistern much frequented by the Bedouins. Here is a fine view over the Ghor. Rieha, or Jericho, is visible at a great distance to the southward.

About 19 miles from Szalt is Amman, one of the most ancient cities mentioned in Jewish history, the ruins of which are still very considerable. The enterprising traveller thence visited Kerek, passing over the plains of Moab, and intermingling with several tribes of wild and dangerous Arabs, of whose predatory and plundering habits the following statements will afford a striking notion:—

We descended the northern bank of the Wady by a foot-path which winds among the masses of rock, dismounting on account of the steepness of the road, as we had been obliged to do in the two former valleys which we had passed in this day's march; this is a very dangerous pass, as robbers often waylay travellers here, concealing themselves behind the rocks, until their prey is close to them. Upon many large blocks by the side of the path I saw heaps of small stones, placed there as a sort of weapon for the traveller, in case of need. No Arab passes without adding a few stones to these heaps. -----

----- In half an hour, we met some shepherds with a flock of sheep, who led us to the tents of their people behind a hill near the side of the road. We were much fatigued, but the kindness of our hosts soon made us forget our laborious day's march. We alighted under the tent of the Sheikh, who was dying of a wound he had received a few days before from a thrust of a lance; but such is the hospitality of these people, and their attention to the comforts of the traveller, that we did not learn the Sheikh's

misfortune till the following day. He was in the women's apartment, and we did not hear him utter any complaints. They supposed, with reason, that if we were informed of his situation it would prevent us from enjoying our supper. A lamb was killed, and a friend of the family did the honours of the table. . . .

The Sheikh of Kerek is very independent, and very formidable to all the surrounding Arab tribes. His people are admirable marksmen, and

There is not a boy among them who does not know how to use a firelock by the time he is ten years of age. . . .

Four years since, the people of Kerek became Wahabis, but they have never yet paid full tribute to Ibn Saoud; and it seems that the latter knows enough of politics not to try to enforce what he is very doubtful in obtaining by such means. He is apparently upon very good terms with the Sheikh of Kerek, and even sent him considerable presents last year, for having collected from the southern Arabs eighty dollars, due to him by these Arabs. Ibn Saoud has also conferred on him the title of Emir of all the Bedouins to the south of Damascus, as far as the Red Sea; and is unceasingly exhorting him to make war upon the infidel Turks; he has likewise written to the Christians, to exhort them to pay him their capitation tax, but hitherto without effect. . . .

The inhabitants of Kerek being thus exempted, by their own strength, from all taxes and impositions, it might be supposed that they are wealthy. This, however, is not the case: the great hospitality that prevails prevents the increase of wealth, and the richest man in the town is not worth more than about 1000*l.* sterling. Their custom of entertaining strangers is much the same as at Ssalt; they have eight Menzels, or Medhafs, for the reception of guests, six of which belong to the Turks, and two to the Christians; their expenses are not defrayed by a common purse: but whenever a stranger takes up his lodging at one of the Medhafs, one of the people present declares that he intends to furnish that day's entertainment, and it is then his duty to provide a dinner or supper, which he sends to the Medhafs, and which is always in sufficient quantity for a large company. A goat or a lamb is generally killed on the occasion, and barley for the guest's horse is also furnished. When a stranger enters the town, the people almost come to blows with one another in their eagerness to have him for their guest, and there are Turks who every other day kill a goat for this hospitable purpose. Indeed it is a custom here, even with respect to their own neighbours, that whenever a visitor enters a house, dinner or supper is to be immediately set before him. Their love of entertaining strangers is carried to such a length, that not long ago, when a Christian silversmith, who came from Jerusalem to work for the ladies, and who, being an industrious man, seldom stirred out of his shop, was on the point of departure after a two months' residence, each of the principal families of the town sent him a lamb, saying that it was not just that he should lose his due, though he did not choose to come and dine with them. The more a man expends upon his guests, the greater is his reputation and influence; and the few

families who pursue an opposite conduct are despised by all the others.

Kerek is filled with guests every evening; for the Bedouins, knowing that they are here sure of a good supper for themselves and their horses, visit it as often as they can; they alight at one Medhafs, go the next morning to another, and often visit the whole before they depart. The following remarkable custom furnishes another example of their hospitable manners: it is considered at Kerek an unpardonable meanness to sell butter or to exchange it for any necessary or convenience of life; so that, as the property of the people chiefly consists in cattle, and every family possesses large flocks of goats and sheep, which produce great quantities of butter, they supply this article very liberally to their guests. Besides other modes of consuming butter in their cookery, the most common dish at breakfast or dinner, is Fetyte, a sort of pudding made with sour milk, and a large quantity of butter. There are families who thus consume in the course of a year, upwards of ten quintals of butter. If a man is known to have sold or exchanged this article, his daughters or sisters remain unmarried, for no one would dare to connect himself with the family of a Baya el Samin, or seller of butter, the most insulting epithet that can be applied to a man of Kerek. This custom is peculiar to the place, and unknown to the Bedouins.

The people of Kerek intermarry with the Bedouins; and the Aeneze even give the Kerekein their girls in marriage. The sum paid to the father of the bride is generally between six and eight hundred piastres; young men without property are obliged to serve the father five or six years, as menial servants, in compensation for the price of the girl. The Kerekein do not treat their wives so affectionately as the Bedouins; if one of them falls sick, and her sickness is likely to prevent her for some time from taking care of the family affairs, the husband sends her back to her father's house, with a message that "he must cure her;" for, as he says, "I bought a healthy wife of you, and it is not just that I should be at the trouble and expense of curing her." This is a rule with both Mohammedans and Christians. It is not the custom for the husband to buy clothes or articles of dress for his wife; she is, in consequence, obliged to apply to her own family, in order to appear decently in public, or to rob her husband of his wheat and barley, and sell it clandestinely in small quantities; nor does she inherit the smallest trifle of her husband's property. The Kerekein never sleep under the same blanket with their wives; and to be accused of doing so, is considered as great an insult as to be called a coward.

(To be continued.)

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

VIENNA, June 12.—On the evenings of the 21st, 22d, 23d, and 24th of May, the inhabitants of Vienna witnessed some new, interesting, and scientifically important experiments with Sky-rockets, made at the Observatory of the University: they rose to the extraordinary height of 3000 Vienna fathoms; (27 times the height of the steeple of St. Stephen's church) at which elevation they spread a dazzling light which was very visible with the naked eye at the distance

of 20 German (100 English) miles, and even more. This important invention has been immediately applied to determine the longitude geometrically, for which purpose it is peculiarly calculated. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, this first essay perfectly succeeded, and the proposed object, viz. to determine with accuracy the difference of the meridians of Vienna and Ofen was fully attained. Another more important experiment will shortly be made.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, June 13.—On Thursday the following Degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. J. Hilton, University College, grand compounder; Rev. G. Peake, Merton College; Rev. C. Eckersall, W. W. Phelps, W. King, E. Tew Richards, Scholars of Corpus Christi College; Rev. E. W. Caulfield, Queen's College; Rev. J. Bamfylde Daniell, Christ Church.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—J. A. Wilson, W. Airey, H. Rookin, J. H. Dykes, Queen's College; G. Deane, St. Mary Hall; P. Pering, Oriel College; H. Palmer, W. Horne, Christ Church; G. R. M. Ward, M. Carrier Tompson, H. Allen, Trinity College;

June 22d.—The Rev. Alexander Nicoll, M.A., of Balliol College, is nominated to the Canonry of Christ Church, and the Regius Professorship of Hebrew, both vacated by the promotion of Dr. Laurence to the Archbishopric of Cashel.

On Wednesday, in full Convocation in the Theatre, the Commemoration of the Founders and Benefactors of the University was holden, when the following honorary Degrees of D.C.L. were conferred:—

Sir John Croft, Bart., Richard Heber, Esq., Lieutenant General Wood, William Owen Pugh, Esq., John Scandrett Harford, Esq.

All presented by Joseph Phillimore, D.C.L. and Regius Professor of Civil Law.

The Creweian Oration was then spoken in an eloquent style by Mr. Crowe. Afterwards the Prize Compositions were recited in the following order:—

#### THE CHANCELLOR'S PRIZES.

LATIN ESSAY—*An, re vera, prævaluerit apud Eruditiores Antiquorum Polytheismus*—by Mr. J. B. Otley, of Oriel College.

LATIN VERSE—*Alpes ab Annibale superate*—by Mr. F. Curzon, of Brasenose College.

ENGLISH ESSAY—*On the Study of Moral Evidence*—by Mr. W. A. Shirley, of New Coll.

#### SIR ROGER NEWDIGATE'S PRIZE.

ENGLISH VERSE—*Palmyra*—by Mr. A. Barber, of Wadham College.

On Thursday the following Degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor in Divinity.*—Rev. C. Thorp, M.A. *Masters of Arts.*—R. F. Jenner, Rev. W. Wood, Exeter College; Rev. J. Wynne, Rev. J. Feild, Queen's College; Rev. J. Allington, Balliol College; Rev. J. Cooke, Magdalen Hall; Rev. P. Pering, Brasenose College; Rev. J. Williams, Hon. and Rev. H. E. J. Howard, Christ Church; Rev. W. Jones, Jesus College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—S. W. Cornish, J. T. Duboulay, Exeter College; J. Simpson, R. H. Smith, Queen's College; Hon. E. R. B. Feilding, Oriel College; T. W. Gardner, Christ Church.

CAMBRIDGE, June 23.—The annual prizes of fifteen guineas each, given by the Representatives in Parliament of this University,



for the best dissertations in Latin prose, were on Saturday last adjudged as follows:

## SENIOR BACHELORS.

*Populi dicemus eadem instituta parum convenient.*  
Arthur Barron, } Scholars of Trinity Coll.  
Ralph Lyon, }

## MIDDLE BACHELORS.

*Astronomic laus et utilitas.*

Alfred Ollivant, } Scholars of Trinity Coll.  
James A. Barnes, }  
Sir William Browne's gold medals for the Greek ode, and for the Greek and Latin epigrams, were on Saturday last adjudged to Winthrop Mackworth Praed, of Trinity College.—Subjects—

Greek Ode.—Pyramides Ægyptiacæ.

Greek Epigram.—Ἐπὶ τοῦ δῖου, κ' οὐκ ἐπὶ.

Latin Epigram.— - - - Nugæ seria ducunt  
In mala - - -

No Latin Ode adjudged.

The Porson prize for the best translation of a passage from Shakespeare into Greek verse, was on Monday last adjudged to Wm. Barham, of Trinity college.—Subject, Julius Cæsar, Act iv. Scene 3. Beginning with "Come Antony, and young Octavius," &c. And ending with " - - - and leave you so."

The excavations and levelling of the ground for the New Observatory commenced on Tuesday last. The building is to be finished in October 1823.

## FINE ARTS.

*Illustrations of the Works of Henry Richter.*  
Series I. London, published for the Author by R. Ackermann, 1822.

THIS series contains "A Picture of Youth; or, The School in an Uprour," and consists of a small vignette frontispiece of the original in the possession of William Chamberlayne, Esq. and four prints of its separate groups on an enlarged scale.

The original drawing from which these groups are taken, has lived in our memory since its first appearance in one of the early exhibitions of the Society of Water-colour Painters, then seen in New Bond-street; and such were its attractions, and so strong the impression it made upon us, that it has been our theme of regret ever since that a print from the hand of Raimbach, or some other of our best engravers, had not been given to the public. The comic familiarity and whim of the subject, and the excellent way in which it was treated, must have insured its success. Not a holiday visitor from the country but must have stopped to gaze, and (with the means) must have become a purchaser; to say nothing of the all-devouring metropolis, whose hourly demands for novelty and entertainment would have readily caught at so delicious a morceau. These were, and still are the impressions we feel on the subject of the School Boys.

We have some reason to think that till the appearance of this drawing the talents of Mr. Richter were neither understood nor appreciated, though the *Paradise Lost*, embellished by his designs and engravings, had, we believe, been for some time previously before the public: certainly there never was a more sudden transition from the sublime to the ludicrous.

It will be sufficiently evident from the

specimens now given, that there was neither haste nor caricature in the execution of the original performance; but, on the contrary, that it was highly finished and beautifully coloured. We cannot help therefore repeating our surprise at its not having appeared as an engraved print long ago; nor can we consider its present shape, excellent as it is, adequate to its claims on the public attention. The whole, and nothing but the whole, of this excellent composition can do justice to the talents of the artist. Though an able explanation is added, we must say, that the subject is so intimately connected with our early associations, is made to speak a language so obvious to all capacities, that all must partake of the mirth of this Graphic Drama, and few but must wish to possess it. The lithography is by Hulmandel, and does credit to the advance of that art in England. Every group forms a distinct and perfect subject—in one the boy aping the master in his chair, in another the horseman astride upon his bench, in the third the quarrel for an apple, and last of all the return of the cane-armed Pedagogue, which forebodes the catastrophe, while an urchin is daringly and unconsciously chalking his likeness on the other side of the very door by which he enters. The accessories too are all full of pleasantry—"Zeno loves silence" on a copy book; "England expects every man to do his duty" on the garters converted into a bridle; Dilworth's portrait with the eyes inked out, and many other touches, enrich the humours of the noisy scene. Altogether, we think the admirers and collectors of prints will be much gratified by this publication.

## SCULPTURE BY M. ANGELO.

We have heard with great satisfaction, that Sir George Beaumont, who is at present travelling in Italy, has secured a very precious monument of art for this country. Every intelligent visitor of Florence, and indeed every admirer of the Fine Arts, is acquainted with the exquisite group in marble of the Virgin, Christ and John, by Michael Angelo. Many attempts have been made to obtain this admirable work, but so deservedly was it esteemed by the Florentines, that it seemed as if it were destined to remain in their beautiful city for ever. It was said to be entailed on a particular family and to be irremovable: all offers for it were rejected. We know not how Sir George Beaumont has overcome these obstacles; but certain it is that he is now the possessor of the treasure, and will enrich his native country with perhaps the finest production from the chisel of the greatest master of modern ages, unquestionably the finest of its class and character.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## SONG.

Upon the cheek of Beauty bright the rose's tint  
may glow, [ringlets flow;  
And o'er her forehead high and pale may raven  
Her beaming eye may dazzle with its glance of  
potent fire; [admire.  
But these I ne'er can learn to love—altho' I may

The pensive paleness of the cheek, the deep blue  
of the eye, [meanings lie,

Where, hid beneath the lashes long, a thousand  
The locks of waving nut-brown hair in clusters soft  
and free; [slave of me.

Oh, these, these are the charms that still can make a

Oh who could wish more deep delight, more hap-  
piness than this— [there is:

To gaze uncheck'd on such a face? and such a face  
Its image is within my heart, its empire o'er my  
brain,

Who would not be a fetter'd slave, if such might  
be his chain? T. N.

## SONG OF VICTORY.\*

## SCENE—THE FORESTS OF BRITAIN.

*Supposed to be sung to the Chiefs after a Victory  
over the Romans, by an assemblage of Druids.*

Sons of Britain, ye have bled

In the cause of Liberty;

Sons of Britain, ye have sped

Nobly 'gainst the enemy.

Rome shall find a stubborn foe

Ere she lays us in the grave;

Rome shall find a stubborn foe,

Ere she conquers Britons brave.

Freemen we were born, and we

Never to the yoke will bow;

Freemen we were born, will be,

Or no longer being know!

Us, our ancestors have taught,

That we ever should be free;

All our ancestors have fought

'Gainst the Roman tyranny.

Who so base as be afraid

For his right on Death to smile?

Who so base as be afraid,

Throw him on the burning pile!

Never he a name shall know

In the midst of heroes brave;

Never he a name shall know,

Or as soon his bed and grave.

Soon the pride of Rome shall fall,

Soon from Britain she shall fly;

Soon the pride of Rome shall fall,

All her mightiness shall die!

Days shall come when Britain's fate

O'er the wat'ry world shall sway;

Days shall come when Britain's fate

Mighty Tyrants shall obey!

Britain all the world shall awe,

As the Romans long have done;

Britain all the world shall awe,

Ere her time she shall have run.

Comets blazing in the sky

Shew you will your foes o'ercome;

Comets blazing in the sky

Tell what Fate hath in her womb.

We will combat for our right—

Let your motto ever be,

"We will combat for our right,

We will fight for Liberty!"

\* We have selected this spirit-stirring composition from several Poems transmitted to us from Canterbury, written, as our Correspondent assures us, by a youth of the name of *Neuport*, a wheelwright by trade, and only 19 years of age. Occupied with his mechanical labours from 6 o'clock in the morning to 7 in the evening daily, these pieces evince the enthusiasm of his mind as well as a degree of talent rarely to be met with under such circumstances; for it is added, that he has received only a very slight education and had little access to books.—Ed.

## SONG.

How far remov'd from pity's power  
Must the forlorn heart be,  
That, friendless in misfortune's hour,  
Meets alone her angry lord:  
Thrice hapless he!

And joy,—how ill enjoyed art thou,  
Where none can share the bliss;  
Hapless alike in weal or woe,  
The man condemned thro' life to go  
Companionless!

CATCH.—(Or it may prove no Catch.)

What makes our Vicar look so jolly?  
Much wine, and little melancholy:—  
Would I led a life as holy!

## THE FRIARS.

Two Friars there were, along the same road travelling,  
One a Franciscan, who quite barefoot went,  
The other a Dominican;—'twas in Lent,  
And they the different mysteries were unravelling.

They journeyed on,  
And thought upon  
The dinners they would have when Lent was over;  
Each named the dish  
That he should wish,  
And called th' inventor of it a philosopher.  
They now came near  
A river's side;  
The river though not deep—'twas clear—  
'Twas very wide.

Then the Dominican himself addressed  
To the disciple of St. Francis thus:  
"About this matter let us make no fuss,  
For it is very easy to discover,  
If on your shoulders you convey me over,  
You will be blessed."

Then the Franciscan, with a wagging look,  
Upon his shoulders his companion took,  
As if he thought  
The fat rogue should in his own snare be caught.  
When in the middle, he much wished to know  
If his companion any money had?  
Who quick replied, "that he was glad  
That he a dozen reals could show,  
Says the Franciscan, without more ado,  
"To carry money I'm forbidden,  
You have it in your pockets hidden,  
So I no more can carry you."  
Then stopped,  
And in the water his companion dropped.

FLIPPERTIGIBBET.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,  
AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.

## SECOND SERIES.—CHAP. I.

(Of the old Series.—XXXVI.)

## BREAD AND CHEESE AT GARRICK'S.

I HAVE heard poor Lawrence Sterne say,  
That he really envied Hogarth and Reynolds  
more than all men, for the unceasing hap-  
piness that flowed to them through the  
channel of their profession; and further  
remember Mr. Bunbury, that happy genius  
at caricature, saying, that Sterne once ob-

served, speaking of Sir Joshua (somewhat  
with too much levity perhaps for a priest,) that he had had a foretaste of Heaven in the undisturbed bliss of his painting-room for five and twenty years. True it is he was devoted to his study, and delighted in his art; but his was a steady philosophic course, whilst that of his contemporary, the lively Gainsborough, was a skipping and gambolling backwards and forwards from side to side on the same road to fame. Of all the painters I could name, and many a wag and worthy wight among the long list that uncle Zachary and I have known, come rushing on my memory—worthies, whose happy works are already "*mellowed by the stealing hours of time*," none for enthusiasm and vivacity could compare with he.

"Why, in the name of wonder," Garrick used to say to these his mutual friends, "why are not Gainsborough and you, Master Joshua, oftener seen with your legs under the same table?"—And to Gainsborough, "Why, Tom o' Bedlam, do you not go and learn sobriety from our "*son of Nun*." True it is, Sir Joshua would have been none the worse, and Gainsborough much the better, by a more frequent collision. But somehow, though most delighted with each other's converse, and each held high in the other's esteem, though different in manner as two such public favourites and kind contemporaries could be, which made them more interesting to each other—yet they rarely met.

Reynolds was wise and sagacious—he thought deeply, and never committed himself. Gainsborough was all genius, and the impetuosity of his imagination led him away. He gave utterance to all he thought. Hence the evening ebullitions of his fancy sometimes awakened morning reflections that made him frown and bite his lips. "Reynolds's gravity savoured of stiffness to the mind of Tom," (said Garrick,) but he loved him better than he thought." And we have only to advert to the last interview between these two distinguished painters, to be satisfied that Gainsborough thought much higher of Reynolds's esteem than he had chosen to acknowledge.

Well do I remember passing a day with these two fathers of the English school, in company with Garrick and Sterne, Caleb Whiteford, and Mr. Harry Bunbury, at the foot of Hampstead Heath. It was on a fourth of June, and we set off betimes under a bright sky. Aurora never opened the gates of Heaven to a more celestial morn. The furze and broom were in full blossom, and the heath appeared burnished with gold.

The party had supped at Garrick's the evening before, when it was proposed that we should muster the next day at the apartments of Mr. Bunbury in St. James's-street, from his windows to see the fine ladies go to Court. "What say you, Reynolds, hey?" said Garrick, patting him on the shoulder, knowing his reluctance to sparing a day from his easel. Reynolds shook his head and smiled.

"Pox take it," said Garrick, "you will

be rich with a vengeance before your neighbours be out of debt. Do you not know that he that labours himself to death, by the laws of Lycurgus, or Solon, or Saucho Panza, or some other great legislator, was condemned to be buried under a gibbet? Now give us a day, thou son of Nun, give us a day thou Joshua, and let the sun of thy industry stand still, and leave the other great luminary to go on with the work of creation."

"Come, Davy, do you not be profane," said Sterne.

"Pot and kettle," replied Garrick.

"Aye! smutty kettle," said Gainsborough. This created a loud laugh at poor Sterne's expense—Master Lawrence knew why.

"Do slip from the collar, and cheat Apollo out of one morning's drudgery," said Garrick, "and make one of our idle party; and then we will return and finish the day on the terrace. Come, say yes, and you shall chuse your dinner, and that is a privilege I would not grant to every one with such an insatiable, never-resting palette as your's. Remember, Joshua, you have limned one generation of beauties, so come and pick and chuse from among the fair daughters of these charmers. You have made all the mothers your own, and now you must canvass the daughters."

"Ah!" said Sterne, "what an enviable trade is this said old batchelor Reynolds's, to be closeted for ever with beauty. We shall have a fine show of new-blown sylphs to-morrow, displaying their soft fily-white bosoms to the gaze of the king. I wonder how Queen Charlotte feels upon these occasions?"

"Why, if the king's imagination was impure as thine, master Shandy," said Garrick, "Queen Charlotte might smile through her tears. Or if Reynolds peered at nature through your wanton eyes, many a husband might hang his hat upon his own antlers. What a wicked dog of a parson thou art, Lawrence! Had you flourished a century back, King Charles would have hunted out some old mitre from Oliver's lumber room, to be altered for thy clerical grace."

"King Charles was a wit, and knew how to patronize merit, and that is more than can be said of every king," said Sterne.

"And King George knows how to reward virtue," said Garrick, "and that argues no bad taste—hey! master Lawrence!"

"Granted," replied Sterne, with a satirical smile, "His Majesty clapped your Othello! hey, master Davy?"

"That evinces the King's charity, at any rate," said Garrick with great good humour.

This, by the way, had been a sore subject with Roscius, who played that character too long, even against the advice of his friends. Ridicule, however, which can sometimes effect more than sober admonition, showed Garrick his error; for a wag in the pit comparing his appearance to Hogarth's *Blackey* with the tea-kettle, he played the character no more. Not long after he had left the stage, his good sense fairly opened his eyes to the aptness of the witty

conceit, for on turning over his own choice folio of Hogarth's prints, to explain some obscurity in a political caricature to young Bunbury, and coming to the second subject in the Harlot's Progress, he burst into a fit of laughter, and exclaimed, as he pounced upon the astounded little mungo, "*Faith, it is devilish like!*"

"Well! say Reynolds, once more I ask, will you make one of us to-morrow and take a squinney through your *magical chromatics* at this new summer stock of *car-nations*?—[the old technical phrase for flesh colour.]—Sterne, who cracks himself a connoisseur, roundly swears, and we shall see if his dictum be orthodox—he swears by Jupiter, that the mothers in their prime were the superior deesses. *Tom of Gains-bro'* too fancies himself, limner-like, a consummate judge of this new maiden ware. He will be hovering about the old Palace Gate another Acteon."

"Not I," said Gainsborough. "Devil take the witches—I'll be charmed no more with their fascinations—'tis like gazing at the sun, and deranges one's optics so, that one is blinded for awhile. Such a glittering—ten mile long—everlasting chain of beauty—dragging one's imagination after it link by link, is more than flesh and blood can bear. It makes me somehow so melancholy, I could go *hang myself* all o' one side and sing it like poor Barbara."

"Faith, such romantic chaps had better stay at home," said Garrick, accompanying the observation with a slap on Gainsborough's thigh, who was not at that moment in his usual spirits. "What! if I had been made of such moody, melting stuff, I had been wasted to the socket, years ago."

"Yes, by the lord! Davy, I have often thought when I have beheld so many bright eyes concentrating their admiring rays upon your marble phiz, if you had not been a perfect salamander, you had verily been consumed, and swept away with the orange peel, a cinder, from the stage."

"Nonsense, Tom! you would have become a salamander too had you been drilled into an actor—it is all nothing, after a time."

"Never, never, Davy!" replied Gainsborough, "I have been fifty thousand times over head and ears in love with all the pretty women that I ever painted—absolutely bewitched and becrazed out of my senses!"

"What would you have done had you been stage-struck with many another statute vagabond like myself?" said Garrick, laughing.

"Done!" replied Gainsborough—"why, have roared out like the Moor, '*Whip me, ye devils, from the possession of this heavenly sight*'—flown off the stage all in a blaze, upset the prompter, and, rushing down Dirty lane, leaped headlong off the wharf, to put myself out in the Thames!"

"Hey! my worthy Tom o' Bedlam! what, make thy exit with a hiss!"

# DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—*John Buzzby*, a slight, bustling Haymarket Comedy, in three acts, by Kenney, was produced on Wednesday. It embraces the adventure of a sort of John Gilpin, who goes to Richmond for a day's pleasure; but, unlike the worthy citizen of old, without his wife. The lady, unconscious of his route, takes advantage of his absence also to indulge herself and a foolish son with a jaunt—to Richmond. John Buzzby himself gets entangled in an innocent affair with a lady, which has much the semblance of an intrigue. This embroils the dramatis personæ, consisting of the above characters, a Ward (as usual) and a favoured Lover, an Innkeeper and a Soubrette. Finally, a general éclaircissement takes place, and the day of trouble ends in a night of pleasure. The drama is lively and never stands still: about as much as is looked for at the Haymarket. As it is not a capital prize in the lottery, so neither is it quite a blank; perhaps it might be described as one of the small prizes which are not worth quite so much as the price of the ticket.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—On Monday, this Resort of Summer Amusement commenced its short but pleasure-promising campaign. The opening pieces were, *The Miller and His Maid*, an established favourite, in which Miss Kelly and Emery are powerfully affecting, while they contrast the passions of simple and rugged nature; *Love among the Roses*, a new Operetta; and *The Vampire*, of melo-dramatic celebrity.

*Love among the Roses* is an agreeable trifle. Alderman Marigold (W. Bennett, an actor with a creaking voice) forbids his daughter Rose (Miss Carew, an actress with a sweet voice,) to marry Frederick (Mr. Bland, a debutante from Newcastle,) on account of an insolent letter written by his uncle, a storming Sea-captain (Bartley.) The damsel, however, during Papa's absence, induces Timothy Hollyhock (Wilkinson,) the Gardener, to admit her lover; and while they are in plot, Sharpset (Wrench,) a vagabond friend, but able ally, is driven in by Bailiffs. He proposes to assume the old Captain's character, in order to give his assent to the match; but the Captain himself arrives in the interim, and he hastily takes upon him the part of the Alderman to fulfil his original design. Before consummation, however, the Alderman too returns, and a grand broil ensues, which is terminated in the usual way by good humour and forgiveness on all sides. Mr. Bland had little to do, but sang an air very prettily, in proof that he had a rich though not very powerful organ.

In *The Vampire*, Miss Povey, as Effie, was the only novelty. Her songs obtained great applause, but in our opinion she would deserve it better were she to avoid ornamenting Scotch melodies, which are when unadorned adorned the most. Broadhurst gave "My ain kind dearie O," with charming effect, and was encored. The entertainments lasted till too late an hour (half-past 12;) the only drawback we have to notice on their general merit,

On Tuesday, the prodigious little Clara Fisher performed the *Actress of all Work*, and Crack in the *Turnpike Gate*. We cannot say that we are partial to such grotesque exhibitions, however cleverly managed; but the audience seemed as highly gratified as if Munden himself had cracked their sides. A Mr. Power was added to the list of pleasing singers in the part of Robert Maythorn. The Orchestra is not distinguished for excellence, which we wonder at, under the eye of Mr. Arnold.

# VARIETIES.

Contents of the *Journal des Savans* for May.—1. Cochelet. Shipwreck of the *Sophia*; by M. Vanderbourg.—2. P. A. Jaubert. Journey in Persia and Armenia, in 1805 and 1806; by M. Silvestre de Sacy.—3. Gau. Antiquities of Nubia; by M. Letronne.—4. Sir H. Davy. Agricultural Chemistry; by M. Chevreul.—5. Mignet. On Feudalism, the Institutions of St. Louis, &c.; M. Daunou.

Stockholm.—Two most precious vases of Swedish porphyry, of extraordinary size and rare beauty, are going to England as a present from the King of Sweden to His Majesty the King of Great Britain.

Before its proprietors parted with the Zodiac of Denderah to the French government, they engaged M. Gau (the author of the work on the Antiquities of Nubia) to make correct drawings of all the figures that are yet discernible on the stone. From these drawings an engraving is to be executed, which will afford a faithful idea of the astronomical signs of the ancient Egyptians. The Director of the Musée Royal, and the Conservators of the Cabinet of Antiquities, in the King's Library, are disputing about which of the two establishments shall possess the Zodiac.

Copenhagen, June 8.—M. Fr. Faber, who has passed three summers and two winters in Iceland, during which he travelled all over that remarkable mountainous country, with a view to the study of Zoology, and especially of Ornithology, and who returned to Denmark last autumn, has sent a large collection of birds and their eggs to the Royal Zoological Museum in this city, and has just published a preliminary view of his discoveries, under the title of "Prodromus of Icelandic Ornithology."

Polish Literature.—A learned Jewish merchant of Warsaw, of the name of Nathan Rosenfeld, has written a history of Poland (his native country) from the best authorities, in the Hebrew language.

A new edition of the *Gûlistan*, or *Rose Garden*, by Musle-Huddeen Shaik Sâdy, of Sheeraz, translated from the original Persian by F. Gladwin, Esq. is stated to be in the press.

North America.—The following advertisement appears in a Savannah Journal:—"Fair Notice.—All persons are hereby not only warned, but absolutely forbid to give me credit, on any pretence whatsoever, as from this day forward I shall not pay any debts contracted by myself. JOHN HEWIT."



## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

JUNE.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	20 from 50 to 65	29.90 to 30.02
Friday	21 from 49 to 69	stat. at 30.12
Saturday	22 from 41 to 74	30.10 to 30.04
Sunday	23 from 43 to 77	29.97 to 29.99
Monday	24 from 50 to 70	29.93 to 30.00
Tuesday	25 from 49 to 81	30.02 to 30.05
Wed.	26 from 51 to 80	30.03 to 29.96

E. and NE. winds prevailing till Sunday; after which S. and SW. Much clear weather during the week; clouds generally passing over. Rain on Saturday, and a little on Sunday.

Thursday	27 from 56 to 72	30.04 to 30.12
Friday	28 from 47 to 73	30.10 to 29.93
Saturday	29 from 53 to 65	30.04 to 30.02
Sunday	30 from 44 to 69	29.97 to 29.97
Mon. JULY	1 from 49 to 69	30.02 to 30.05
Tuesday	2 from 43 to 69	29.98 to 29.95
Wednesday	3 from 45 to 72	29.93 atwat.

Wind generally West; inclining Northward and Southward alternately. Clouds continually passing, and showers of the 28th 29th & 30th ult. Rain fallen, 1.25 of an inch.

Edmonton.

JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our talents secure our esteem; but the plan of the *Lit. Gaz.* cannot embrace papers of the description of those he has so politely presented. We do not remember the Arithmetic and Key; but if sent, they are probably among the deferred stories lying on our tables for notice. J. R. P. will find a letter at our Office.

We are sorry that we can do nothing for the Author who tells us "her adversary report her to be insane." We, having the preface to Don Quixote before our eyes, never interfere in such cases.

B. has too much sting and too little honey for us. At present we have no opportunity to avail ourselves of W. G. W.'s obliging offer; at no time can we decide on such proposals, without documents on which to form a judgment.

An American's interesting letter from Rome in our next. The favour of an address to our friendly Correspondent would gratify us.

Further particulars respecting the Veil of Queen Mary and the House of Stuart (communicated by the respected possessor of the Relic) in our next.

B. Art is welcome. Many notices of Works of Science and the Arts, as well as in literature, are unavoidably postponed.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall-Mall.

THE Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is Open daily, from Ten in the morning until six in the evening.

(By order)

JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

The delivery of the Impressions to the Subscribers to the Print from Mr. West's Picture, whose receipts are numbered from 1 to 300, have commenced at the British Institution, upon payment of the remainder of the subscription, and will continue every day till further notice, from Ten till Five.

To Churchwardens and Overseers, &amp;c.

Just published, in Post 4to. price 3s. in red sheep. **THE PARISH POORS-RATE BOOK**, for Overseers of the Poor; being an approved and convenient Plan for the Assessment for the Relief of the Poor; and containing proper Directions for completing the Assessment, the adjusting of Disputes, and the manner of proceeding to recover the Amount of the Rate by Distress, &c. By J. ASHDOWNE, Member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn.

Printed for G. &amp; W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-lane.

Also by the same Author,

3. The Churchwardens and Overseers's Guide and Director; written and arranged for the use of Parish Officers and others, desirous of acquiring parochial information, &c. Fourth Edition, in 8vo. 6s. 6d. sewed.  
4. The Parish Officer's Alphabetical Register, showing the names of persons receiving occasional or permanent parochial relief, &c. 3s. 6d. sewed.

Just published, price 6s. 6d.

**THE PAMPHLETER, No. 48**, containing 12 entire Pamphlets.

Sold by Sherwood and Co., Longman and Co., &c. &c. Every Saturday is published, price 6d. (only 4s. Postage-free, 10d.) in 10 pages, 4to.

**THE LITERARY CHRONICLE** and **WEEKLY REVIEW**: it regularly analyses Four or Five New Works, and contains more Original Matter and Interesting Miscellanies than any similar publication,—it is independent, is the cheapest Literary work in existence, and may be had in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.—Each Vol. is complete in itself. Published by Limbird, 335, Strand (where Advertisements are received,) and sold by all Venders of Periodicals.

Just published, price 6s. 8d. sewed, Part I. of

**THE MUSEUM, or RECORD OF LITERATURE**, Nos. I. to X. and forming the first Quarterly Part for 1822, containing a variety of articles on—*I.* General Literature, including Reviews of Books—*II.* The Belles Lettres, Fine Arts, and Drama—*III.* Science and Philosophy—*IV.* Antiquities and Biography—*V.* Varieties and Fæcietia, including Poetry, Charades, &c.

The Museum is neatly printed on the largest sized sheet, in Quarto, containing 16 Pages or 48 Columns, and delivered early on Saturday, in and near London. It is published at 8d. in London and its environs, every Saturday Morning; and is sent free by post on Saturday Evening into the Country. Persons residing in the Country, who are not particularly desirous of having the Work on the day of publication, may receive the Numbers, at 8d. each, through their Booksellers or Agents, with the Magazines and Reviews; or Orders are received by J. Miller, 69, Fleet-street, and all other Booksellers in Town and Country.—It may also be procured regularly by giving a general order to all Newsmen, Postmasters, and Clerks of Roads, as for any Newspaper, Magazine, &c.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

*Church of England Revenue*,—price 3s. **REMARKS on the CONSUMPTION of PUBLIC WEALTH by the CLERGY** of every Christian Nation, and particularly by the established Church of England; with a Plan for altering its Revenue: by which upwards of 10,000,000*l.* would be obtained to extinguish so much of the National Debt, and relieve the Nation from Four Millions of Annual Taxes.

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